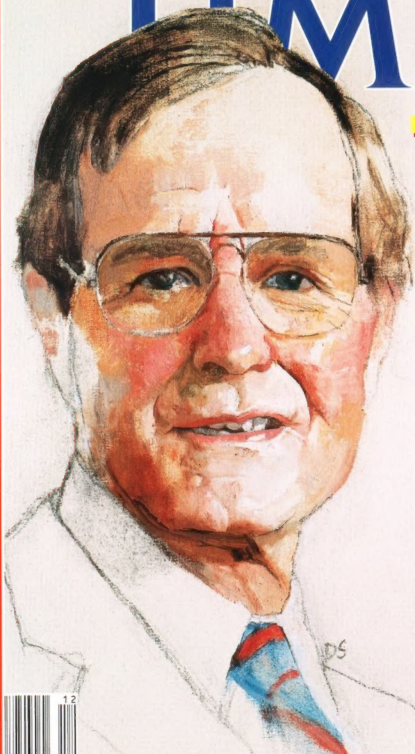


MARCH 21, 1988

TIME

A New AIDS
Furor



The Big Mo

- How Bush bounced back
- Can the Democrats avoid a deadlock?
- The secret of Jackson's success



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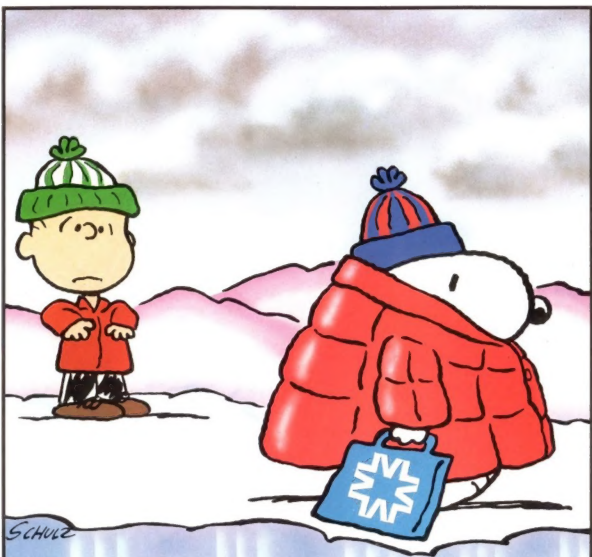


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COVER: A Southern sweep gives Bush 12 "the Big Mo" toward the G.O.P. nomination

Momentum means crushing Bob Dole in 16 states and piling up 574 convention delegates in a single day. But Bush must still convince the public at large that he offers more than just loyalty to Ronald Reagan. ► For the Democrats, Super Tuesday ends in a three-way gridlock that could stretch to Atlanta. ► Garry Wills on Jesse Jackson's politics of inclusion. See NATION.



WORLD: Facing a U.S.-engineered cash 34 crunch, Noriega may be ready to deal

The shortage puts Panama's strongman in a painful squeeze. While he easily rides out street protests, the general may step aside if Washington drops drug charges. ► Besieged by critics, Israel's Prime Minister Shamir prepares to visit Washington. ► The pace slows in Afghan peace talks, but a settlement is still in sight. ► Welcome to Medellín, the cocaine capital of the world.



MEDICINE: Is the AIDS virus running 58 rampant in the heterosexual population?

In their controversial new book, *Crisis: Heterosexual Behavior in the Age of AIDS*, Sex Therapists Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson answer yes, and provoke an uproar from the medical community. ► Amid popular confusion about the danger of AIDS, researchers are beginning to learn more about the virus and how it is transmitted during sex between men and women.



50 Economy & Business
Japan challenges America's reputation for innovation. ► After reform, taxpayers are caught in a bribe patch of new rules.

74 Music
In London, Conductor Roger Norrington lets Berlioz be Berlioz with performances of two masterworks on original instruments.

56 Press
Upstart Publisher Christopher Whittle launches a battle for previously undisputed territory: doctors' waiting rooms.

75 Books
Physicist Freeman Dyson shows that science and imagination are *Infinite in All Directions*. ► Anita Brookner's debt novel of illusion.

67 Sport
Major league baseball teams are springing all around Florida, but the Grapefruit League state seems to have lost track of itself.

84 Cinema
That caustic thriller *The Manchurian Candidate* is back after 25 years in the vaults. ► *D.O.A.*: this remake is dandy on arrival.

71 Show Business
A puppet? For real? Whatever, NBC's alien ALF is a lovable loud-mouth who stars in the ratings and cleans up at toy counters.

86 Essay
Americans have too long been skittish about criticizing Israel and its policies. It is high time to show a friend what friends are for.

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Cover:
Illustration by Daniel Schwartz

A Letter from the Publisher

If travel bags could talk, Laurence Barrett's two-wheeler would have quite a tale to tell. As *TIME*'s White House correspondent from 1981 to 1985, Barrett—and his luggage—accompanied Ronald Reagan to Asia once, Europe four times and California constantly. But when Barrett, now the magazine's national political correspondent, plucked his suitcase off a plane last month, he found its sides broken and its locks sprung. "It perished pitifully," he says.

Barrett, on the other hand, is no worse for wear. After crisscrossing the South to report on the Super Tuesday races in both parties, Barrett wrote this week's main story on the Republicans. His energy and longevity leave campaign newcomers slack-jawed. When recalling Barry Goldwater's 1964 nomination drive for a young television interviewer last month, Barrett saw that the man was startled: "He looked at me as if I were a survivor of the Spanish-American War."

A glance at his photograph is reassuring. Barrett is not exactly a veteran of San Juan Hill. But he has been around politics long enough to know that punditry and polls are no substitute for old-fashioned reporting. A native New Yorker who began as a city hall reporter for the now defunct *Herald Tribune*, Barrett covered the Johnson Administration before join-



Carnival time: Barrett at a San Antonio rally

ing *TIME* as a writer in 1965. After a stint as an editor, Barrett covered the White House during the Carter and Reagan years. He drew on his work for a 1983 book, *Gambling with History*, that described the dawn of the Reagan Administration. Says he: "Being able to relate the bright hopes of the campaign to the sober realities of incumbency is the finest graduate political-science course that one can take."

Barrett has learned other lessons as well. Though TV coverage of primaries has vastly increased, he notes that "voter turnout has diminished steadily. So a publication like ours must relate the campaign carnival to the electorate's real concerns: what these candidates stand for, what's behind the arcane nomination process and what issues are going unaddressed." Barrett deals with those concerns every week, but he still relishes the carnival. Since his trusty suitcase let him down, Barrett has made do with a bedraggled garment bag "that doesn't quite fit into either the overhead bin or the space beneath the seat." It should at least see him through this week's Illinois primary.

Robert L. Miller

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Letters

Political Pack

To the Editors:

The article on the presidential candidates [NATION, Feb. 29] made me think of the old refrain about voters having to pick the lesser evil. Instead of learning the views of these qualified people, too many of us are still wistfully hoping for that perfect President who will never be.

Robert M. Goldman
North Las Vegas, Nev.



In your coverage of the candidates, I read about labels, images, organizations, war chests, polls, style, meanness, toughness, wimpishness, "electability" and, my favorite, "Iowa-style, anti-Reagan populist backlash." Please! I've forgotten what the issues are, not to mention what the candidates think about them.

H. Kennard Bennett
Indianapolis

Although Michael Dukakis' attractive "solid moral base" and "strong ethical core" would seem desirable qualities to guide national policy, they might spell disaster if applied to foreign affairs. Idealistic adherence to international law does not constitute a realistic foreign policy base. Each nation legitimizes its defiance of international laws in the name of national interest. Moreover, a drive to enforce moral principles worldwide often has immoral results.

Julianne Keith
Madrid

I have grown up accustomed to the ups and downs of political life. I understand that public service requires a price in public scrutiny. But without talking to me or my father Robert Dole, you have carelessly and wrongly characterized a relationship that is very precious to us. You called it "curiously distant." Most people probably missed the brief reference. But it hurt and was inaccurate, and I thought you should know.

Robin Dole
Washington

Let Bob Dole be Bob Dole! If I had wanted a new model, I would have been content with George Bush.

Bill Stringer
New Kensington, Pa.

Olympic Views

You don't have to be a professional skater to see that the judges of the Olympic Games, at least of the skating competition, showed bias and great unfairness [OLYMPICS, Feb. 29]. Give the newcomers proper judging, and do not penalize them because they don't have the reputations of the more experienced winners.

Eleanor E. Barrucand
Menton, France

The Olympics should be a time for originality and free expression, but apparently the judges do not believe this. They want the athletes to compete within very narrow boundaries. The exciting, innovative ice dancing of the Duchesnays, the skating couple representing France, brought me to my feet. The judges, however, based their decision on stodgy, old-fashioned standards.

Carolyn Schellhardt
Omaha

The U.S.'s poor performance in the Winter Olympics is a direct reflection of the inadequate assistance we give our athletes. It is time we gave up the policy of relying entirely on donations from the private sector. If the U.S. is going to compete internationally, then we must provide our athletes with full support.

Fred Young
Fortson, Ga.

Ouch!

There are parts of your proposal for reducing the federal budget deficit [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Feb. 29] with which I disagree, but your plan is straightforward and hurts everyone almost equally. With an entire herd of sacred cows out there, no conceivable budget will win unanimous consent. But unless we defeat the "not in my backyard" mind-set, we will no longer be a nation but merely a population at war with itself.

Jefferson P. Swycuffer
San Diego

So you think one method of reducing red ink would be to cut \$3 billion from agriculture by 1992. "No other major business in America is subsidized the way farming is," you report. Nothing else gives so much for so little, nor deserves to be subsidized more.

Susan Barrett Jones
Williamsburg, Mass.

As a career Air Force pilot currently working in military personnel, I am concerned with how the Air Force will properly assign its people with a greatly re-

duced budget. I have to explain to officers who desire different, career-enhancing positions why fiscal realities preclude many of those assignments. The succession of declining pay raises and increasing restrictions on benefits, all in the name of deficit reduction, is setting the stage for a virtual hemorrhage of military talent to the civilian sector.

Peter M. McCarthy
Major, U.S.A.F.
San Antonio

Your suggested increases of \$79 billion in taxes and other revenues is simply too large relative to the modest \$49 billion of spending cuts you propose. There should be more emphasis on restraining Government spending. And if new taxes are needed, the obvious and sensible choice is a general consumption tax on the broadest possible base of both goods and services. The last thing we need is to worsen our competitive position with higher taxes on income and capital.

Paul R. Huard
National Association of Manufacturers
Washington

I am a partner in a restaurant company and agree that reducing the deduction for business meals to 80% has not had a negative impact on our industry. But costs have simply been passed on to the customer, resulting in inflationary pressure, reduced profitability and, consequently, lower tax revenues. If an expense is legitimate, it should be allowed.

Edward P. Barenborg
Houston

In view of the enormous resistance the public and lobbying groups would launch, it is unlikely that any of the presidential candidates will wish to embrace this budget plan. But for the sake of the nation, the person elected had better challenge Congress to cooperate in enacting an integrated, broad-based program like the one TIME is suggesting.

Irving Morrisett
Emeritus Professor of Economics
University of Colorado
Boulder

Swaggart's Sin

The sight of American Evangelist Jimmy Swaggart weeping and begging for forgiveness on television was sickening [NATION, Feb. 29]. How could the people whom he was addressing manage to sit through that spectacle?

Martin Maloney
Birkenhead, England

Why do we follow self-styled leaders so blindly? We become easily and passionately involved with people whose moral conduct and character are flawed. And now Swaggart. I couldn't believe what I saw on TV. He was like an actor, shedding glycerin tears, as his congrega-

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LITTLE, BROWN

Letters

tion gave him a standing ovation. Come on, American believers. Are we naive, or are we dumb? There is more to religion than licentious ministers.

*Zakiah S. Ali
Quincy, Ill.*

No one would want to see Swaggart dealt with unkindly for his indiscretion. It might be enough to assign him to a struggling rural church that offered a parsonage with a leaky roof and a sanctuary with no public-address system.

*Jim Skellenger
Tallmadge, Ohio*

Defending Lacroix

Through the years, women have raged at the designers in vogue. It appears Christian Lacroix is no exception (LETTERS, Feb. 29). While your readers may feel he is "atrocious" and "bizarre," they fail to realize that he fills a long-ignored void in Parisian couture: his clothes are fun to wear, and they appeal to a younger generation. Love him or hate him, Lacroix is the most creative and innovative designer of this decade.

*Phyllis L. Ours
Washington*

Wrong Penn

Penn State appreciates the notice you gave to the discovery, by James L.W. West III, of F. Scott Fitzgerald's unpublished short story *A Full Life* (PEOPLE, Feb. 22). We do wish to point out, however, that West's academic affiliation is not with the University of Pennsylvania. He is professor of English at Pennsylvania State University.

*Bill Mahon, Director, Public Information
Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pa.*

Spacious Skies

I was delighted with the article reporting on how children can improve certain skills by gazing at the sky (EDUCATION, Feb. 29). My father was a sky watcher and taught us to enjoy the stars. On cold Wyoming nights we'd stand amazed at the beauty of the night sky. In summer we would sprawl in the grass and imagine pictures in the clouds. I passed on that heritage to my children, and was pleased to hear my four-year-old granddaughter suggest to her mother, "Let's lie on the car hood and watch the stars." I agree that the sky encourages creativity, imagination and appreciation of one's place in this beautiful world.

*Roseanna Johnson
Jayton, Texas*

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American Scene

In Nevada: A Rodeo for Throttle Jockeys



A row of planes lined up to take part in the bombing contest: where hitting a target is like slam-dunking a basketball at 600 m.p.h. FRANK O. ESPINOSA

On a hazy desert morning near Las Vegas, growing high-performance engines warn of unseen jet fighters. Images of war darken the imagination. Moments later four slender U.S. Air Force F-16 fighter-bombers are framed against a hot blue sky. From a distance they are lethal mosquitoes: stiletto nose, bulging belly, tightly angled wings. Passing over their target area, the fighters roll out into a curved line, vanishing behind a range of mountains. They are preparing to drop bombs on American soil, but groundlings needn't worry. The object is to dominate a point spread, not an enemy.

This is the third day of Gunsmoke, a bombing contest held every two years at Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada. Afterward, the Air Force will name its "top guns"—an individual pilot and a high-scoring team from a field of 90 active-duty, reservist and Air National Guard pilots flying in from bases as close as Colorado and as distant as Korea. Much of the costly \$1.2 million exercise is calculated to impress Congress. It provides comparative statistics measuring the high-tech F-16 against older planes such as the F-4s, A-10s and A-7s flown by Guardsmen and some reservists. Computerized bombing, applied by man, usually triumphs, and the Air Force needs the results to justify an increasingly high-tech budget. Gunsmoke's backdrop is 3 million acres of training range just north of the slot machines and bright lights.

The team passing overhead, one of nine to compete this morning, is led by Major Bob ("Cowboy") Dulaney, 36, from Homestead A.F.B., Florida. His teammates, all Air Force captains from Homestead, follow in a prearranged sequence: Rex Carpenter, 28, Steve ("Wheels") Wheeler, 29, and Nick Anderson, 26. Each was graduated first in his pilot class

and has an amiably arrogant opinion of himself as a hot "throttle jockey." At Gunsmoke, every pilot feels that way.

For the moment, the cowboys are simply trying to shoot straight. "Cowboy four," Captain Anderson, an earnest young Florida-born pilot whose dentist father talked him past a water-skiing career by providing flying lessons at 16, is up. Circling a mile high around the mountains, Anderson suddenly dives to 200 feet to avoid "enemy" radar and screams at 600 m.p.h. toward the intended victim, an Army surplus M-47 tank having a bad day. The desert is a Jackson Pollock abstract, and Anderson is so low that when he is just four miles away, he can't see the tank. He searches for a clump of bushes named in briefings as a pretarget landmark. Reaching it, he tugs slightly on the F-16's stick. The jet rockets up 3,000 feet in a standard "pop up" bombing pattern. Climbing, Anderson feels his face drop and his body react "like a marshmallow" to a gravity force four times his weight. Through heavy eyelids, he finds the tank.

Then, like a hawk spotting a squirrel, Anderson banks sharply left and dives. Crammed into a cockpit no bigger than half a phone booth, he has the sensation of "riding on the tip of a pencil" when he wrenches the F-16 sideways, almost upside down. The tank appears below him through his canopy ceiling. For a microsecond the world is turned on its back. Anderson is pulling the stick toward him to "lift" the plane horizontally and down. Simultaneously, he eyes a cockpit screen called a heads-up display. The tank, seen distantly through the screen as if through a window, has to be matched to a targeting figure projected on the screen's surface, then moved, by minute adjustments in the plane's trajectory, to a bull's-eye pilots call the death dot. In effect, Anderson hopes to slam-

dunk a basketball while racing by the hoop at 600 m.p.h.

World War II pilots rained death and fire by pulling on a lever said to resemble a dill pickle. The modern military pushes a "pickle" button. Anderson has half a heart-beat to push his. Since this isn't war, he is actually dropping a 25-lb. bowling pin with fins called a bomb dummy unit. It contains a small flash charge enabling technicians watching on video screens to pinpoint the hit or miss. Each pilot drops 28 bombs during the six-day contest. Two years ago, the top team triumphed over the runner-up by dropping a single bomb one yard closer. In theory, spring-loaded reflexes and microscopic eyes should make a winner. Pilots joke that proficiency in arcade video games helps too. But skill isn't everything. "Getting that little bitty death dot on that target isn't easy," says Anderson. "You might get bumped by turbulence or the cart [bomb rack] might be slow. The jets aren't perfect."

Anderson pickles—and misses. His A bomb "splashes" six yards left. In war, anything within ten yards would have won the day, but this is a contest. Muttering angrily, he rockets up toward the mountains to get in line again, wondering who missed, man or machine. "Hey, lead," he barks to Dulaney on his radio. "where'd your first bomb go?" It is 28 seconds since Anderson made his 3,000-foot climb. The contest allows 30 seconds from the climb to post-pickle recovery. Back at the base, the pilots gather in briefing rooms, close their doors and punch up video tapes of the day's run. Maybe one pilot stayed too long over the target, jamming the next man. Somebody probably flew too low, or too high. "The R.O.E. [rules of engagement] in a debriefing is no rank," says Cowboy Dulaney. "A

lieutenant can tell a colonel what he did wrong—with a little tact.

At Gunsmoke, it is hard to imagine tact. Scriptwriters for Hollywood's *Top Gun* didn't exaggerate. "I've always wanted to be a fighter pilot," says New Orleans Reservist and Viet Nam Veteran Major Craig Mays, 41, a burly A-10 pilot with blond hair and a Kennedyesque smile. "I'm going to be one until they take the uniform off my cold, dead body." The major's call sign is Darth Vader. Reservist Lieut. Colonel John Haynes, an Air National Guardsman from Georgia, was an F-4 "gib" (guy in back) in Viet Nam. He happily recalls "trolling" Haiphong Harbor, hoping to lure out MiGs. Now owner of two evangelical Christian bookstores in Atlanta, Haynes still finds flying magical. "We take a brick, put a little sheet metal on it, add propulsion and cram it into the air," he enthuses. "That's neat."

Behind the mix of reservists and active-duty pilots at Gunsmoke is a troubling career problem. The hottest active-duty pilots often quit the Air Force rather than endure the desk assignments required for higher rank. They join the reserves or Air National Guard, where part-time Air Force life is pure flying. "They think we should aim to be colonel-managers," snorts one throttle jockey. Another problem is resentment against rusty squadron commanders just returned from Pentagon desks who lack the "need for speed" in combat-readiness drills.

Ironically, reserve units with F-16s are getting some of the best scores. "They're fossils," admits Korea-based "driver" Captain Taylor Gates, 29, "but they're good." Indeed they are. An active-duty squad from Hill AFB, Utah, won the team competition—Anderson's team took fifth—but a fossil, Major Danny Hamilton, 41, flying with a reserve unit at the same Utah base, won the individual award. Not only is Hamilton a former active-duty pilot who bailed out in mid-career rather than fly a desk, he is also a computer expert. He trusts avionics software far more than his younger, vaguely Luddite colleagues.

Gunsmoke's final two days gave Hamilton a chance to test his faith. The target was an old Navy surplus plane surrounded by protective earthen dikes. Pilots had to approach it "in the weeds"—200 feet above ground again—from 150 miles out, flying over pretarget locations at precise times. Finally, Hamilton and others had to evade smoke missiles while dropping a bulky parachute-equipped 500-lb. bomb. Hamilton, alone among all Gunsmoke pilots, elected to try an F-16 computer program called dive toss. The pilot fixes the target inside a box projected on the upscreen, punches his pickle button as if setting an alarm for a wake-up call, then flies toward the target. The computer drops the bomb. "The other pilots would have thought I was crazy to let the computer decide," Hamilton admits. Like a fox, the aging warrior scored a near perfect bull's-eye each time and became this year's top gun.

—By James Willworth

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COVER STORIES

Dwarfs No More

The selection process produces one decision and, finally, some sense



Chaos often breeds life, when order breeds habit
—Henry Adams, 1907

Just a month ago the confusing, arcane and jerry-built 1988 presidential selection process appeared to be producing only chaos. The Democratic field was crowded. To many, it was deficient in both distinction and definition. The Republican side had its own afflictions. The front runner had been humiliated in the first contest, his principal challenger was manifestly disorganized, and a wild-card televangelist threatened to disrupt the entire game.

To make matters worse, the latest electoral invention, the concatenation of primaries and caucuses known as Super Tuesday, loomed as a fulfillment of the Law of Unintended Consequences. Rather than give the South a major role in selecting nominees who reflected the region's more conservative leanings, it threatened to sow further confusion by enhancing candidates with no chance of being elected. For the Democrats, ironically, Super Tuesday looked in advance as though it might give lifts to the very Northern and liberal candidates the South had been hoping to diminish.

Yet in the avalanche of delegates picked on a single day last week, there emerged a curious sort of order. The so-called dwarfs who had swarmed onto debate stages over the past year started to grow, enlarged by the sheer act of winning. Men who seemed implausible as potential Presidents suddenly began to come into sharper focus as plausible leaders of the nation. Not perfect, to be sure, not yet exciting in most cases, but no longer presumptuous in their ambition. Super Tuesday rearranged the presidential race with unexpected logic and sense.

For George Bush, the day produced a triumph that rewarded his greatest assets: superb organization, widespread if not passionate support, an ability during two decades in public life to make almost no real enemies. With his mastery of the political game, Bush has virtually ensured his nomination.

The inventors of this Southern primary were Democrats who reasoned that their party's inability to win the White House in four of the past five elections was rooted in the process's bias toward more liberal venues. They wanted the South to have a voice—and they succeeded. Although Tennessee Senator Albert Gore is only a sometime Southerner, he is distinctly more centrist than the two front runners in his party. His strong perfor-

Three winning Democratic couples celebrate Super Tuesday: Mike and Kitty Dukakis; Jesse and Jackie Jackson; Al and Tipper Gore



mance last week gives him a chance to capture the nomination, or at least the second spot. The region's views will certainly be heard as the campaign unfolds.

Super Tuesday strengthened Northerner Michael Dukakis. Picking his shots carefully in Florida and Texas, the Massachusetts Governor also added delegates from the few non-Southern states that held their contests on Tuesday. By avoiding a drubbing in a region far from his own, emotionally as well as geographically, he remains the front runner.

Jesse Jackson profited in the South, winning more votes than any other Democrat. He enlarged his delegate count to the extent that his candidacy, his point of view and, most important, his constituency will have to be courted carefully and sincerely by his party.

Although Super Tuesday did not settle things for the Democrats, it left the party with a field that accurately represents its three main political wings: New Deal liberals, more conservative Southerners, and blacks. Now these groups must bridge their differences—at least if they want to win in the fall.

In a larger sense, the post-Super Tuesday race for the nomination reflects the national state of mind in the twilight of the Reagan years. Despite some of his recent blunders, the President is still regarded with a powerful affection that has bred a certain reluctance to say goodbye to a gauzy era of good feeling. Bush benefits from this kind of contemporary nostalgia. His dogged loyalty to the President enables him to inherit some of Reagan's popularity.

At the same time, part of the national mind knows it is time to get back to work, to solve the problems Reagan has both created and left unattended. The concerns of the poor have gone largely unaddressed during the reign of Reaganism. The power of Jackson's candidacy is rooted in their claim for renewed attention.

Similarly, the country knows that Reagan's greatest flaw was a White House management style that can most charitably be called "hands off." Bush, with a résumé that has been ridiculed perhaps too glibly, is a Reagan corrective in this respect. Dukakis also offers a record of tight management, if not inspirational leadership. Gore's strongest suit is his grasp of international is-

sués, notably his strong sense of the dangers and potentials in the new relationship with the Soviet Union.

America's presidential-selection process is an accretion of reforms enacted over the years, each aimed at correcting the worst excesses of past elections and past presidencies. Bizarre and complex as it may be, the process may, paradoxically, be serving the country well. Certainly no system can guarantee the election of great Presidents. There is ample evidence in history that greatness is the product of chance, as much as any factor under any system. So far in the 1988 marathon, the process has performed suitably.

One measure of the system is whether it serves as an early-warning system for potentially fatal flaws. This year the least able of the contenders have been dealt with swiftly. Jack Kemp's economic unorthodoxy clearly hampered his campaign. Pat Robertson's loose-lipped irresponsibility did little for his hopes. Last week Bob Dole paid the price for his inability to organize a campaign, presaging a potentially important flaw as President.

The selection system dealt harshly with Gary Hart's defective personal behavior. Dick Gephardt, whose candidacy teeters on the brink of destruction, probably lost ground because he came across as having far greater ambitions than convictions. The one candidate who was perhaps disposed of too quickly was Bruce Babbitt, who brought refreshing candor and intellectual rigor to the Iowa caucuses and the New Hampshire primary. Yet he too was burdened with a major shortcoming. Until the very end of his campaign, he failed to master a primary presidential skill—the effective use of television as a tool of leadership.

For all its problems, the chaotic primary system has infused American politics with the life and energy it needs. The process offers unknowns a chance to shine in the early, small-state races. It permits the best organized and the best financed to show their stuff in Olympian contests like Super Tuesday. And although one can argue that money and TV advertising distorted last week's results, the ability to raise a lot of cash in small amounts from a lot of people is a kind of plebiscite in itself, a test of a candidate's core support. In its very complexity, the system tests those who would be President in many ways, most of which are relevant to the qualities necessary to be an effective President.

—By John F. Stacks

The lone Republican who mastered the game: Bush, joined by Barbara in Houston, enjoys his smashing Southern victory

ED. CONRAD/—AP





Nation

Bush by a Shutout

After his Southern sweep, the Vice President builds really "Big Mo"



If you mentioned George Bush in a game of word association for political insiders just six weeks ago, the responses would have been devastating: loser, wimp, preppie, lapdog. Mention the Vice President now, and the chorus would be loud and clear: Republican nominee for President.

The eternal second banana, the man thought too timid to sculpt his own political persona, the patrician who ran a pallid third in last month's Iowa caucuses and staggered into New Hampshire facing extinction, the bland campaigner who ended one debate by apologizing for his lack of eloquence—this consensus choice as political nebbish suddenly transformed himself into the prim reaper who could not be denied. Bush last week harvested victories from Massachusetts and Rhode Island to Oklahoma and Texas. His weakest rival, Jack Kemp, promptly quit the Republican contest. Pat Robertson, another ostensible threat on Bush's right flank, collapsed in a puddle

of his failings as a candidate, finishing third even in his home state of Virginia. Though still in the race, Robertson receded into a symbolic candidacy and began talking about 1992.

Bob Dole, Bush's strongest adversary, teetered on the brink of withdrawal even as he fought for revival in this week's Illinois primary. Dole cut half his campaign staff and canceled television ads in Illinois while scrambling to broadcast a half-hour final appeal on Saturday night. A frequent adviser who ranks as

politics' reigning expert on defeat and redemption, Richard Nixon, wired encouragement: MAKE ILLINOIS YOUR FINEST HOUR.

One frail hope was that Illinois voters, in a sporting mood, would choose to prolong the contest by propping up a fellow Midwesterner. Another thin reed: the possibility that indictments flowing from the Iran-*contra* probe would somehow slow Bush. Dole was all the more frustrated by his conviction, shared by more disinterested polls, that Bush was winning the

nomination for the wrong reasons, that beneath the new veneer of strength old weaknesses festered, waiting to undermine Republican prospects in the fall. Nonetheless, Bush had finally achieved real political momentum, more substantial than his preppie and premature pronouncement in 1980 that his campaign had the "Big Mo," shortly before Reagan rolled over him in a series of primary victories.

Thanks to the Super Tuesday mechanism created by Dixie Democrats, Bush won more dele-

Suppose you had to choose between these candidates, for whom would you vote?



	VS.		VS.	
Dukakis	37%	42%	44%	38%
Jackson	29%	55%	31%	53%
Gore	29%	53%	30%	49%
Gephardt	28%	53%	29%	51%

From a telephone poll of 1,013 registered voters taken for TIME on March 10 by Yankelevich Clancy Shulman. The sampling error is plus or minus 3%.



"This is a unique political happening. It exceeded my fondest expectations"

GEORGE BUSH

must address a broader audience with a script about his plans for the future, rather than recite his resume and his fealty to a President already receding into history.

Over many months Bush and his aides displayed a high order of organizational skill and a talent for damage limitation in the face of adversity. Whether scared by Iran-*contra* or jarred by defeats in Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota, Bush maintained his strategy. He never let the Reagan mantle slip from his trim frame, never strayed far from the base camp of Reagan policy and Reagan philosophy. When he did utter some minor heresy, it was a denial rather than an assertion. "I want to add here," he said almost parenthetically in one major speech, "that I do not hate government. I'm proud of my long experience in government." That was supposed to be a sign that he was inching toward the future rather than wallowing in the past. But the line disappeared from subsequent speeches. Instead, over and over, Bush hailed the Chief. Occasionally some restless adviser, not to mention platoons of outside critics, urged Bush to stake out territory of his own.

This he resisted, except in token ways, as when he asserted his desire to be the "education President," a nice phrase that remains a flesh-free bone in his skeletal rhetoric. To go much further would be to flout the reality that, unlike Reagan, Bush at heart is a pragmatist rather than an ideologue, a manager rather than an innovator. In retrospect, Bush's caution was just right for the orthodox Republican primary electorate in most states, and particularly in the South, where Reagan's popularity rating in the party remains above 80%. But presidential campaigns are about change and the future, themes that Bush has yet to discover.

The fact that the same Republican voters who stamped out Reagan's banner of radical reform now embrace Bush as the rightful heir speaks loudly about the complacent state of the Grand Old Party. Says Ed Rollins, an alumnus of the Reagan White House who chaired Kemp's campaign: "The kinds of conservatives who were Reagan rebels in 1976 and 1980 have become comfortable with being part of the Establishment. Bush has done a good job persuading these people that he'll protect the Reagan agenda and that they can trust him."

The contradiction in that perception is that the Reagan agenda was dynamic, not static. At its most expansive, when Reagan was still burning at full power, it reached beyond the confines of the traditional Republican minority. Kemp, far more than Bush, attempted to preach a sermon of inclusion aimed at blacks, Hispanics, blue-collar families and other blocs normally considered Democratic property. Partly because of his own failings as a candidate, partly because he never untangled his jumbled economic theories into a clear line, Kemp was unable to stretch Reagan's populist-tinted conservatism into the future.

Televangelist Robertson reached in another direction, toward alienated social conservatives who yearn for a counterrevolution against "secular humanism." His minions had enough zeal and savvy to take over local party cells in some regions where flaccid G.O.P. regulars slept. But Robertson proved to be so reckless and ineffective a campaigner that his message was never tested amid a blizzard of controversy. Among registered Republicans surveyed last week by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman, 58% had a generally unfavorable impression of Robertson.

Dole tried his own version of a broad appeal. Unlike Kemp and Robertson, he

"Nothing is easy in life for me"

BOB DOLE

gates (574) and conquered more real estate (16 states) than any other Republican contender ever had on a single day. That gave Bush just over 700 delegates, vs. 165 for Dole; only 1,139 are needed for an absolute majority. Bush thus has a stronger grip on the nomination than Reagan did at this stage in 1980. "This is something historic," said Bush's campaign manager, Lee Atwater. "There will never be another regional primary with this sort of conclusive impact." Bush began to sound credible Tuesday night when he told supporters in Houston, "I'm now convinced I will be the President of the United States."

Soon he had some statistics to support that argument, at least for the moment. Polls as recent as last month showed him behind or at best even with possible Democratic opponents. Furthermore, Dole then appeared more electable than Bush in such pairings. Last week the publicity whoosh of victory propelled Bush to the top of surveys matching him against leading Democrats. In a TIME poll conducted by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman last Thursday, Bush ran slightly ahead of Democratic Front Runner Michael Dukakis (42% to 37%), while Dole was behind (38% to 44%).

Yet even as he bathed in a gusher of success sweeter than any he enjoyed 30 years ago in the oil business, George Herbert Walker Bush showed some of the symptoms of doubt and caution that festoon his political record. On primary night and the morning after, he avoided the ritual TV interviews. No sense in risking a gaffe, his advisers reasoned. In the privacy of his Houstonian Hotel suite, Bush impressed one aide, Peter Teeley, as oddly subdued. Bush seemed burdened with the realization that the nomination was at hand, that a new and even more critical phase was imminent. Now he



Nation

has the stature and maturity to be credible. But he based his claim on his personal conviction, bordering on obsession, that he is better equipped to run the country. His constant attempt to depict himself as the man of steel tempered in adversity, in contrast to Bush as an empty Brooks Bros. suit, was a promising beginning. But there was no ending, no compelling message extending beyond Dole's own considerable grit and intelligence.

In this atmosphere, it was relatively easy for Bush to exploit the royalist genes that linger in the Republican bloodstream despite the transfusion of Reaganism. None of his rivals could make a convincing case that the normal line of succession should be suspended in 1988. On Tuesday night one of Dole's Democratic friends, Party Elder Bob Strauss, was visibly saddened by the G.O.P. election returns. Then he brightened and observed, "The Democratic Party may be better off with this result." However, such doubts about Bush's ability to defend the Reagan palace, either in November or in the White House, were invisible among Republican voters on Super Tuesday.

To its credit, the Bush team recognized nearly two years ago the potential of the unprecedented regional primary. Campaign Manager Atwater, who grew up with the then infant Republican Party in South Carolina, invested early and heavily in organization across the Old Confederacy and border regions. From the handful of Republican Governors down to county chairmen, party centrions were wooed and won long before Dole's emissaries began courtship. That foundation was invaluable during the campaign's final fortnight. Under little pressure from his floundering opponents, Bush was able to coast on a risk-free cloud. For ten days he avoided interrogation from the national press corps following him in a separate plane, preferring the gentler treatment of local reporters.

Bush's speeches on deficit reductions went from tax increases, on education and the drug problem, tended toward the broad and bland. His managers used negative TV advertising reluctantly, poking at Dole on the air only in media markets where the Senator struck first. The Bushes enjoyed the front runner's luxury of emphasizing the positive—a biospot, an endorsement by Barry Goldwater, a montage stressing their man's leadership ability. By the last weekend the scent of a blowout was in the air. In North Carolina, Missouri and Oklahoma, however, Dole still seemed to have a chance. Bush strategists added a modest \$50,000 for more ads in those states to their already swollen TV budget of \$1.8 million. They canceled live appearances in Alabama and Louisiana in favor of four more stops in Missouri, where the Senator from next-door Kansas is popular.

As the vote tallies accumulated Tues-

day night, it appeared for a time that the Bush effort had fallen short by a scant 3,000 votes. "Missouri is definitely lost," Communications Director Teeley remarked. But when the last precincts in St. Louis suburbs were heard from, Bush had won by a margin of 4,500. Dole had failed to carry a single state, while Robertson's organizers managed to win the poorly attended caucuses in Washington State. Talking about the primaries, Atwater exulted, "A clean sweep. A shutout. It doesn't get any better than this."

In taking a clear majority of the popular vote (57%), Bush, according to the ABC News exit poll, carried all age and income groups. But despite that tide, surveys indicated potential weaknesses. Among voters who based their decision on the candidate who can best "get things done," Dole got a plurality. Those who listed their main concern as reducing the federal defi-

Dixie shattered, the ever facile former minister used the tenderfoot alibi: "It isn't that bad for an amateur, but it's not what I expected."

Dole, making a last stand in Illinois, had a more plausible explanation for his disaster. "I can beat George Bush," he said repeatedly, "but I can't beat Ronald Reagan." Nothing was working right for him, not even his chartered aircraft, which at one point refused to take off. "Let's get another plane," he muttered to frazzled aides. In keeping with his losing streak, there was no other plane; the Senate minority leader had to wait for repairs. His campaign organization, never a model of efficiency or unity, also needed work at a time when Dole had no margin for error. Some advisers urged that he follow Kemp to the exit promptly, before suffering more humiliation. That advice soon made the airwaves, increasing the



cit went for Dole by a 2-to-1 majority. TIME's survey showed that among Democrats Dole continues to enjoy a much higher "favorability" rating than Bush does. Dole is viewed favorably by 48% of registered Democrats and unfavorably by 25%. For Bush, the balance is negative: 39% favorable, vs. 46% unfavorable.

But such statistical footnotes offered the Vice President's opponents no consolation. As the winner lingered in Houston for two days of tennis and strategy sessions, Kemp returned to Washington to write a gracious withdrawal speech. The New York Congressman said he would end his 18-year legislative career as well as his presidential campaign. He claimed to find solace in the fact that some of his original causes, like growth through lower taxes, are now party dogma. Robertson, once considered a threat to fracture the party in the South, had seen his support drop ten points even among his core constituency. His predictions for success in

"It isn't that bad for an amateur, but it's not what I expected"

PAT ROBERTSON

already huge doubts about Dole's viability. He ricocheted between pity and resolve. "Nothing is easy in life for me," he groused. In the end, clinging to pride, he asserted, "I do not give up easily."

In the abstract, Dole appeared an almost romantic figure, the brave underdog who would not yield. Visiting the Chicago hospital where his war wounds had healed, he announced, "I'm starting my road to recovery again in Illinois, just like I did 40 years ago." But 40 years ago, the surgeons could X-ray the damage and prescribe detailed treatment. Last week Dole had no R for his political malady. The "one of us" line that had served him well in Iowa and South Dakota was wearing thin. One of Dole's shrewdest advisers

ers. Tom Rath, observed, "You can't wage an insurgent candidacy with an Establishment candidate." With a weekend Chicago *Tribune* poll showing Bush ahead in Illinois 62% to 28%. Dole was reduced to a vague hope of rescue by some *deus ex machina*. "Who knows what's going to happen next week or the week after?" he mused in a fatalistic tone.

What should happen, one of his top aides suggested, is that Dole craft an elegant farewell statement for delivery around midweek. That would clear the way for an early healing of intraparty wounds and allow Bush to get a large jump on his eventual Democratic opponent. It might also encourage the Vice President to venture out of the bunker of blandness from which he has waged his nomination campaign. When he arrived in Chicago last week to seal his victory, Bush seemed to lean in that direction. Sounding more than a bit like Dole, Bush promised to preside personally over a Washington summit to resolve the budget deficit. He inveighed against ethical lapses in government, an implied criticism of the Administration's laxness on that subject.

Ironically, that statement came just a day before Robert McFarlane, Reagan's former National Security Adviser, pleaded guilty to four misdemeanors or charges for misleading Congress about aid to the *contras*. With other criminal action still likely on Iran-*contra*, Bush may have to endure yet another round of what-did-you-know, what-did-you-do interrogation. That is just one potential cloud on the Vice President's horizon. Though he currently rides a high wave because of Super Tuesday, and because the Democrats are still immersed in their own combat, most experts expect that advantage to wane. "This week's survey results," said Pollster Richard Wirthlin, who advises Dole, "are written in sand at the seashore."

Bush arrived at the brink of nomination with amazing speed, but he did it without displaying either charisma or substantive weight. The arena in which he fought was the narrow slice of ground dominated by party regulars. In states like Iowa, where Reagan's standing is relatively low, Bush encountered indifference from even the majority of Republicans. Often a vigorous primary campaign sharpens a candidate for the fall. In Bush's case, the opposite may have happened. He has invested so much in his status as Reagan's heir that he is likely to have difficulty playing to the larger audience for whom Reagan is becoming a benign relic rather than remaining a revered totem. In any event, George Bush will soon discover what every newly hatched candidate learns: the politics of nomination is far different from, and often easier than, the politics of election. Fortunately for him, he will have plenty of time to absorb that lesson.

By Laurence L. Barrett.
Reported by David Beckwith with Bush and
Alessandra Stanley with Dole

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

What Friends Are For

Secretary of the Treasury James Baker is a far piece from the muddy Illinois caravan of George Bush, but he is the most important figure in the Vice President's campaign. How Baker tunes the economy will, more than any other factor besides the nature of Bush himself, determine the Republican future, not to mention Ronald Reagan's rendezvous with history.

Baker presides in a glorious, bright office with a log fire that cuts the late-winter chill. He looks out one tall window on the White House gardens, out another toward Alexander Hamilton in the splendor of bronze and new cherry buds. Pity the beasts of political burden in Peoria's Holiday Inn.

Officially Baker is neutral in this race. Actually he is on the phone constantly with the Vice President, his friend of 30 years. "The best thing I can do for now is stay right here," he tells inquiring polls, pointing down at his thick beige carpet. A light pink shirt may sit puckerily against his somber Treasury pinstripes, or an Hermès tie may softly signal his worldly strides.

There are times in Washington when important events settle on a single man. So now with Baker, who is judged by many to be the capital's most effective official, Baker is no economics expert. He is a diplomat, devising a global political system to guide the economy just when the enlightened management of wealth is emerging as a greater power for governments than weapons. "The political interest and the economic interest have converged," he says. He is right: whether Mike Dukakis and Jesse Jackson admit it or not, a good economy is not only in the national interest but, finally, the best politics. It happens to be crucial for George Bush, who, if successful, may make Baker his Secretary of State.

Last week Baker, not long back from urging the Koreans to cut trade barriers, was up before the Joint Economic Committee. "You are the one real star of this Administration," rasped Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, who then ripped into the Administration's policies with curmudgeonly glee. Baker sat calmly, understanding the game being played. Then he raised the possibility that Reagan might ask Japan to pay more for defense provided by the U.S., a deft move in the search for ways to cut American deficits, a huge campaign issue. Next morning he was at a Cabinet breakfast, collecting intelligence on the budget and trade. After that, he jetted to South Carolina to honor a speaking invitation from Republican Strom Thurmond, a locus of Senate power, even though Thurmond had been a pillar of support down there for Bob Dole.

Baker's domestic network includes dozens of congressional chieftains, agency heads like the Fed's Alan Greenspan, and private bankers and scholars. On a global basis, the singular Baker structure touches a hundred financial ministers. He jingles this network scores of times each week.

Jim Baker rides out these delicate days with a shoeshine and a smile, convinced that the West, and especially the U.S., has the know-how to produce an era of unprecedented prosperity with peace. "It is not apocalypse now," he insists. If the deficits shrink more and there is no recession ("I see nothing out there to indicate that the economy is not going to keep growing"), then expansion could diminish that specter of a \$2.4 trillion debt making hostages of young Americans. Banishing fear is the heart of politics.

Last Friday, Baker gathered up notes on the week's doings that he had scribbled with his trusty felt-tipped pen, and he walked over to update his boss in the Oval Office. It is also one of Baker's fervent goals to help Reagan go out with dignity and glory. It is not strange at all that such a finale for the President would be about the best thing to happen to George Bush.



Bush with "the one real star of this Administration"

The Man Who Would Be President

What sort of Commander in Chief would George Bush make?



Whether his post was U.N. Ambassador, CIA director or Vice President, George Bush has always found himself taking orders rather than taking charge. Though Bush has spent two decades in public service, many who know him find it difficult to imagine what he would do if he finally stepped into the Oval Office as Commander in Chief. One charitable forecaster says Bush's leadership would be "pragmatic, noncharismatic." But a blunter G.O.P. policy expert predicts that a Bush presidency would be "mediocre."

There is sound reason for that harsh assessment. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about Bush's career has been his consistent failure to fashion an agenda of his own, to display a broad set of principles, to show imagination or initiative. It is an unsettling trait for a man who would be leader of the free world.

Yet many an unlikely candidate—Vice President Harry Truman, in particular—has grown in office and developed into a strong leader. Bush's supporters have already noticed a new authority and self-assurance in their man. As a candidate, he has delighted in exceeding low expectations. As President, he would relish the chance to make his critics eat their words once again. "I suspect that George Bush might surprise people by being bolder than expected," says Mitchell Daniels, a former head of the White House political-liaison office and current chief of the Hudson Institute, a conservative think tank. "He might break out of the mold."

Bush's posture throughout his political career reflects his natural modesty, but it can also be seen as a deliberate strategy. The Vice President made one of his most revealing statements when he declared his candidacy last October. "I am a practical man. I like what's real," he said. "I like what works... I do not yearn to lead a crusade."

As President, then, this practical man would probably cool the right-wing fervor that propelled Ronald Reagan to the White House. Ultraconservatives suspect that the Vice President might be a lamb in lion's clothing, particularly on social issues. Take abortion. "My position," said Bush in 1984, "is exactly the same as Ronald Reagan's." But last week, while explaining that Reagan would permit abortion only when the mother's life is at stake, Bush modified that stand. "I would add rape and incest," he said. Overall, it marked

In your view, is George Bush a . . .



the fourth time he has changed his position on the sensitive subject.

The Vice President talks about returning moral values to the classroom, but only recently has he advocated specific, contentious proposals like restoring prayer in school. "I wouldn't be surprised if Bush treated social issues exactly as Reagan learned to do," says a Bush aide. "Reagan paid them plenty of lip service but didn't do too much to actually promote them."

On civil rights, Bush would undoubtedly do far better than the Reagan Administration's backhanded treatment of

black concerns. As a Republican Congressman from Texas in the 1960s, Bush broke ranks with fellow Southerners to vote for a controversial open-housing bill. His Administration would be unlikely to continue the fight against affirmative action and fair-housing suits or commit such gaffes as offering tax exemptions to segregated schools.

Bush's management style would be radically different from that of his present boss. While Reagan likes to have a strong chief of staff filtering the information that reaches him, Bush prefers to hash out issues with his advisers. Moreover, he would not hesitate to solicit opinions outside his inner circle. "I believe in talking to as many people as I can. I always have," Bush told TIME last week. "If we had a problem on a certain matter involving the Soviet Union, for example, I wouldn't hesitate to call in a particular CIA expert and talk to him. I know I'm not an expert on, say, long-term health care. But I'll do a good job of finding people who are."

Right-wing true believers like Attorney General Edwin Meese and former Interior Secretary James Watt would get the brush-off in a Bush Administration. "There are no ideologues around George Bush," says a prominent aide. "He can't abide people who know they have all the answers." Bush's Cabinet would be a model of old-fashioned Republican moderation. It would surely include his longtime confidant James Baker, who would probably give up his stewardship of the Treasury to take over as Secretary of State. Nicholas Brady, chairman of the investment banking firm Dillon Read & Co. and a former Republican Senator from New Jersey, is a longtime Bush adviser; he might succeed Baker at the Treasury.

How would Bush's White House staff function? "Look at the campaign," says Brady. "It's a peek behind the veil. You'd have many strong personalities, but they'd work as a team." The most likely choice for White House chief of staff is Craig Fuller. Bush's current chief of staff, rather than the leaders of Bush's crack campaign team, Lee Atwater and Rich Bond. Communications Director Peter Teeley might be tapped for the same position in a Bush White House. Brady marvels at how Bush has kept that potentially combustible group of strong-minded aides from blowing up. "He wants a lot of different and disparate people doing different things for the common purpose," says Brady. "He keeps articulating that idea."

Like Reagan, Bush is unswervingly loyal to the people around him, and like Reagan, he could be hurt by that double-edged trait. Bush shied away from getting rid of a divisive member of his vice-



Would his Administration be "pragmatic" or "mediocre"?

"I am a practical man. I do not yearn to lead a crusade."

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presidential staff until Fuller came along as his new chief and forced the issue in 1985. For the past 20 months, Donald Gregg, Bush's national security adviser, has been under fire for allegedly facilitating covert support for the *contras*, yet Bush has refused to dismiss him, even as his candidacy has been tainted by the Iran-*contras* scandal.

Although Bush differs from Reagan in management style, he has been an attentive student of Reagan's negotiating technique. "There's no doubt in my mind that I would be a better President now than I would have been in 1980," he told TIME. "I've learned a lot." Aides say the Vice President, a compromiser by nature, has been most impressed by Reagan's ability to hold firm to a staked-out position for as long as possible. Though Bush worried about the 16-month halt in substantive arms-control talks with the Soviet Union, he lauds Reagan's boldness in deploying intermediate-range missiles in

Europe until Moscow finally accepted the President's original proposal to ban all INF weapons.

On arms control, Bush would probably pick up where Reagan left off; he would be well positioned to push ahead on a Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty with the Soviets. His first order of domestic business would be to confront the Government's financial tangle. Bush insists repeatedly that he would not raise taxes to cut the deficit, and whether he believes that or not, he could be boxed in by his own rhetoric. Yet a newly appointed bipartisan National Economic Commission is studying ways to reduce the deficit. If the commission recommends a tax increase, Bush will have to decide whether to stick by his campaign rhetoric.

In a Chicago speech last week, the Vice President said he would call together another "summit" on the deficit crisis: "I am personally going to head the Executive Branch negotiating effort. Hands on,

personal." Says a Bush aide: "There you have Bush's style in a nutshell. He would never send out a team and have contact with them only once or twice." That was what Reagan did during last December's budget negotiations.

Yet if the nation fell into crisis, could Bush show the decisiveness, the moral authority and necessary sense of command to guide the country through the dilemma? "After Ronald Reagan, people may be looking for another John Wayne," says Bush's media adviser Roger Ailes. "Well, George Bush isn't John Wayne. He's Gary Cooper in *High Noon*. He doesn't want to fight; he'd rather sit and talk things out. But if provoked, he'll fight. And he'll whip you." If the prospective Republican nominee can convince more people that he has that kind of gumption, then the title "President Bush" might seem a little more fitting than it does now. —By Jacob V. Lamar.

Reported by David Beckwith with Bush

The Mating Game

It is a muggy August night at the Superdome. Listless Republican delegates have completed the preordained coronation of George Bush as their presidential nominee. Now comes the one moment of drama: the choice of a running mate. Bush strides to the rostrum to break the news. "I want Dole," he declares. Before the cheers can erupt, he quickly adds, "No, not you, Bob." Then Elizabeth Dole hugs her husband, moves happily to the stage—and the Republicans break into their first spontaneous demonstration in a humdrum convention.



Elizabeth Dole

For many Republicans, it is the dream ticket. Such a bold play could shake the Vice President's cautious and bland image, giving a boost to his campaign. The bright and engaging Liddy Dole, who has served every President since Lyndon Johnson, would put extra zip into the G.O.P. drive. The choice of a woman could also help narrow the Democratic edge among female

voters, who make up more than half the electorate. Still, Dole, 51, would be a risky choice. The former Democrat has alienated feminists by adopting conservative causes, even dropping her support of the Equal Rights Amendment. She showed little leadership on air safety as Ronald Reagan's Secretary of Transportation. Dole might be unwilling to bruise her husband's ego by joining Bush. Asked how he would feel about his wife's running with Bush, Bob Dole quipped, "I'd be for it," adding that it might, at least, get him a "car and driver."

Some Bush aides see the choice of a woman as unlikely because Bush is too cautious. Says one: "George Bush will be looking for a 'George Bush.'" In other words, a Vice President who is quiet, compe-



Illinois' Thompson

tent and loyal to a fault. Bush's advisers say he leans toward elected officials. Among those who would meet his criteria:

► Illinois Governor James Thompson, 51. Appeal: his Midwestern strength might help in an area where Reagan-Bush support has been soft. He demonstrated loyalty by backing Bush early. Handicaps: he is klutzy on television and has presided over state tax increases.

► New Jersey Governor Tom Kean, 52. Appeal: an Eastern moderate and proven winner, his "politics of inclusion" has attracted blacks, urban voters and environmentalists. Handicaps: He has not endorsed Bush. He vetoed a school-prayer bill, and he takes a pro-choice stance on abortion. His prep background might magnify Bush's image problem.

► California Governor George Deukmejian, 59. Appeal: the other Duke has some clout as an effective chief executive in the largest and most pivotal state. His Armenian background could help counter Democratic strength among ethnics. Handicaps: he is a wooden personality without impact outside California. Also, his successor in Sacramento would be a Democrat.

Several members of Congress also pop up in the guessing game. Wyoming Congressman Dick Cheney is a low-key conservative who has experience as an adviser to Richard Nixon and chief of staff for Gerald Ford. The two Indiana Senators, Richard Lugar and Dan Quayle, have been strong conservative leaders, and either could help in the Midwest battleground.

New York Congressman Jack Kemp, who hinted last week that he would like the offer, is considered too outspoken to be a good team player. Kemp was described by a Bush adviser as "temperamentally unsuited" for the role of Vice President.



New Jersey's Kean



Congressman Cheney

Three-Way Gridlock

Traffic gets snarled on the road to Atlanta



On the old *Mickey Mouse Club*, Wednesday was officially dubbed "Anything Can Happen Day." But for the star-crossed Democrats, it was Super Tuesday that ushered in the season of anything-can-happen politics. The members of the Democratic troika, Michael Dukakis, Albert Gore and Jesse Jackson, each declared victory as they split almost equally the 20-state delegate

multiple-choice exam in which voters chose their favorite 30-second TV spots. Both Dukakis and Gore invested heavily in negative ads to define themselves in opposition to the pseudo populism of Richard Gephardt. The get-Gephardt pincer attack worked: the Missouri Congressman carried only his home state and faded from contention. While Dukakis, Gore and Jackson all had ample reason to exult in their Super Tuesday delegate flow,

Gore, whose last-minute media surge obliterated the ill-funded Gephardt, could point to the six Super Tuesday states he carried as evidence that you can run for President and still get a good tan. But for Gore, who played possum while the others scrambled up North, his Southern victories could prove as evanescent as Bob Dole's I'm-one-of-you Iowa sweep. Few voters displayed any deep commitment to the still ill-defined Gore candidacy; even



"This is a national candidacy, a national campaign"

MICHAEL DUKAKIS

harvest. But the fates decreed that the 9.5 million Democratic voters would deprive any contender of the kind of breakthrough that would unfuddle the nomination muddle. In fact, the verdict on Super Tuesday for the Democrats, unlike that for the Republicans, may be that never before have so many primary voters armed with so little information gone to the polls in so many states to leave a race so unsettled.

There were no grand themes, no cutting issues, no electric enthusiasm for any candidate save Jackson and his over-the-rainbow dreams. Rather than a Democratic referendum, the Super Tuesday primaries turned out to be little more than a

their brags should be tempered by major red flags.

Dukakis, now universally regarded as the party's front runner, kept boasting that he was a "national candidate" thanks to his clear-cut victories in Texas and Florida. But an artfully tailored campaign that garnered the support of Hispanics in South Texas and Frost Belt refugees in the condo canyons of South Florida did not transform Dukakis into a win-Dixie Democrat. Actually, the Massachusetts Governor left few footprints in the red clay of the traditional South. In Alabama and Mississippi, he won less than 10% of the vote. "Dukakis gained a half step on everyone else this week," said Democratic Pollster Peter Hart. "But he still has a lot of work to do. He has to get to working-class Democrats, and to do that he needs an economic message of change. One of his biggest problems is the label as a status quo Democrat."



"I am the party's conscience. I intend to be its nominee"

JESSE JACKSON

in states that abut his native Tennessee, Gore won much of his support in the final 72 hours of the campaign. As Georgia Democratic Chairman John Henry Anderson, a Dukakis supporter, put it, "People voted for Gore because he was viewed in the end as the Southern candidate. No one else caught on."

Jackson, the only candidate to win delegates in all 20 Super Tuesday states, attracted a virtually unanimous black vote along with almost 10% of the white electorate. "We have the poorest campaign but the richest message," Jackson told supporters on primary night. "We are the smallest dog with the biggest bite." Yet Jackson's growing strength remains a

precursor of deadlock to come, since the most potent long-term rationale for his candidacy is to play kingmaker for the eventual nominee. Such power fits his determination to serve as the "party's conscience." But with Jackson holding the potential to arrive at the Atlanta Convention with one-quarter of the delegates, he makes it almost impossible for a contender to win the nomination the old-fashioned way: by corraling a majority of the delegates by the end of the June 7 California and New Jersey primaries.

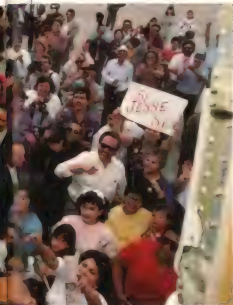
The next two weeks will test the extent of Democratic fragmentation. Paul Simon, who all but abandoned campaigning after his crippling third-place finish in New Hampshire, might still win a hefty share of his home-state delegates in this week's Illinois primary. If Simon survives a strong challenge from Dukakis and Jackson, he plans to keep struggling on in hopes of picking up pockets of delegates

U.A.W. leadership chose to remain neutral in the caucuses, Dukakis is determined to drive Gephardt from the race with some Motown momentum of his own. Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, one of the few black leaders pursuing an independent course, is expected to endorse Dukakis and allow him to challenge Jackson for a fraction of the inner-city caucus vote. But as in Illinois, a badly splintered outcome in Michigan would be tantamount to a vote for a bruising nomination fight that might go all the way to Atlanta.

After Super Tuesday, Dukakis is the only contender with a clear formula for victory. His well-financed, well-organized run-everywhere strategy is designed to transform him into the Duke of Inevitability: the Democrats' presumptive nominee by sheer dint of his steadily rising delegate totals. The Dukakis camp privately estimates that after the primaries are over, they should have a minimum of

Tuesday. Aside from Illinois and Michigan, the only major contests are the Connecticut (March 29) and Wisconsin (April 5) primaries. This schedule provides Gore with a serious where-do-we-go-from-here problem. With a belated start in Illinois and no major bloc of support in Michigan, Gore may find his introduction to Northern-style politics chilly. At the moment, the Gore camp is considering bypassing both Connecticut and Wisconsin to concentrate on the string of major industrial-state primaries, beginning with New York on April 19. This dubious gambit would dissipate Gore's Super Tuesday halo and could accentuate the impression that he is primarily a regional candidate.

Thus, for the moment, the Democratic race resembles tag-team wrestling. It is Dukakis and his \$2 million campaign kitty vs. an ever shifting array of opponents: Simon in Illinois, Gephardt in Michigan,



elsewhere. New York Governor Mario Cuomo, who remains resolutely in the stable but clearly enjoys handicapping the race, appreciates the logic of Simon's position. "If the candidates believe there's going to be a brokered convention," he explains, "then it makes sense for them to stay in the race with as many delegates as they can hold. They figure, 'I can hang on with a couple of hundred delegates and then I'm in the game.'"

The same play-it-out rationale applies to the beleaguered Gephardt, who just a few weeks ago was seen as almost certain to battle Dukakis all the way to California. Now Gephardt vows to regroup in the March 26 Michigan caucuses, where his talk-tough trade policies had been expected to appeal to United Auto Workers' rank and file. But even as he moved virtually his entire campaign staff into Michigan, Gephardt paid an immediate price for his Super Tuesday disaster when the

"This is becoming a two-person race between Dukakis and Gore"

AL GORE

1,500 of the 2,082 delegates needed for nomination. That would be close to what politicians regard as the tipping point: the moment when wavering delegates climb aboard for both personal gain and to avoid a convention bloodbath. The Democratic Party rules have encouraged such a bandwagon bonanza through the creation of 645 "superdelegates" who are not formally tied to a specific candidate. Mostly members of Congress and party officials, these free agents should temper the exuberance of ideologues with the pragmatism of political professionals.

The laid-back political calendar for the next month provides the Democrats with a respite from the frenzy of Super

Jackson in the black community and Gore wherever he finally chooses to take his stand. A national TIME poll conducted last Thursday night indicates the strength that the Massachusetts Governor brings to the coming series of grudge matches. More than seven times as many Democrats (58% to 8%) have a favorable rather than an unfavorable image of Dukakis. In trial pairings, he is currently the strongest Democratic contender against George Bush. Outside the South, Dukakis runs virtually even with the Vice President.

This TIME poll calls into question Gore's loudest justification for his candidacy: electability. "For those who want another election blowout, who want the Democrats to lose 49 out of 50 states, go ahead and vote for Mike Dukakis," Gore told voters in Illinois last week. This style of attack is Gore's way of linking Dukakis with the too-liberal-to-be-elected legacy of George McGovern and Wal-

Nation

ter Mondale. The underlying equation is simple: new politics (Gore) vs. old politics (Dukakis).

But the 1988 campaign is not simply a remake of the Walter Mondale-Gary Hart spat of four years ago. Despite some differences on foreign policy, Gore and Dukakis represent much the same style of end-to-ideology Democratic pragmatism. Gore prospered in Congress by stressing a host of technocratic issues, ranging from the *ovone* layer to organ transplants. Ever since his comeback victory as Governor in 1982, Dukakis has artfully avoided most of the pitfalls of free-spending liberalism. His major initiatives, like welfare reform and industrial development, were designed to blur ideological differences rather than accentuate them.

In fact, Dukakis' almost willful blindness is a major reason that his nomination is far from assured. Even after nearly a year of campaigning, Dukakis has yet to discover precisely what he wants to say. His constant references to "economic opportunity" and "good jobs at good wages" turned the Massachusetts economic revival into a much ridiculed cliché. Only in recent weeks, with Gephardt as the target, has Dukakis found his voice as a campaigner, railing against everything from protectionist legislation to the Missouri

Who is your first choice for President?	Impressions of candidates	
	Favorable	Unfavorable
Dukakis	36%	58%
Jackson	24%	53%
Gore	18%	39%
Gephardt	8%	34%

Asked of 293 registered Democratic voters.
The sampling error is plus or minus 5%.

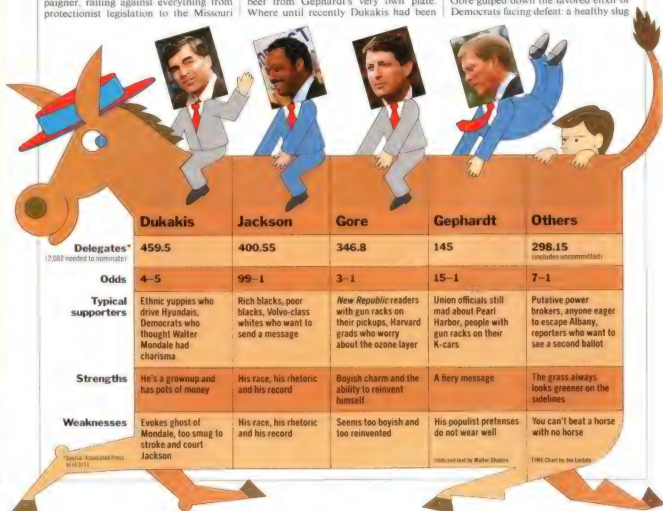
Congressman's votes for Reaganomics. Similarly, Dukakis' most successful ad in the South was a depiction of an acrobatic Gephardt flip-flopping through midair. Now with his favorite debating foil reduced to Simonesque proportions, Dukakis is again adrift: a candidate without a straw man.

The Dukakis high command is keenly aware that it has a medium without a message. For several weeks the Governor's top advisers had been preparing a major economic address that would define the candidate's agenda in the industrialized Northeast states. But the speech that Dukakis delivered in Chicago late last week seemed to borrow much of its beef from Gephardt's very own plate. Where until recently Dukakis had been

directly warning of trade wars, now he was changing his emphasis by reverting to one of his previous themes: tariff protection for companies that agree to modernize their plants. There was no logical contradiction, no reversal of position, but there was a characteristic blurring of Dukakis' political identity as he tried to repackage himself to reach Gephardt's Rustbelt constituency.

When it comes to political elusiveness, Dukakis has met his match in Gore. For months Gore had been floundering as he groped to find a rationale for his candidacy more compelling than Georgia Senator Sam Nunn's failure to enter the race. Gore kept trying to identify himself as a hawk almost in the Scoop Jackson mold even as his private pollsters were insisting that Democratic voters in the South were as uninterested in nuclear strategy as voters elsewhere. But Gore stubbornly refused to modify his approach, even though his record was far less right-of-center than his rhetoric was. According to a top strategist for the candidate, "99% of the problem was Gore's. He refused to give a clearer message and forget about all this defense business."

But two weeks before Super Tuesday, Gore gulped down the favored elixir of Democrats facing defeat: a healthy slug



of old-fashioned populism. Suddenly the stiffly serious Gore began larding his speeches with nonstop promises to "put the White House back on the side of working men and women." There was nothing wrong with the sentiment except that Gephardt, Gore's main rival in the South, had long been telling the same blue-collar voters. "It's your fight too."

But Gore had a major advantage in this battle of mock-populist converts: a television-advertising budget more than double the size of Gephardt's. In one TV spot, Gore angrily declared, "The corporations of this nation have to understand that they are American corporations, and they've got to start investing more money here for a change, and creating more jobs here for a change." In the shoot-out on the Southern airwaves, Gephardt was simply outgunned and outmaneuvered by Gore. As Joe Trippi, a top Gephardt adviser put it, "It was like there were two televisions, and ours got turned off and their volume got turned up."

But when it comes to substance, aside from defense policy, the Gore campaign remains an empty vessel waiting to be filled. Perhaps as a reflection of the old schoolyard adage "It takes one to know one," the slipperiness of Gore's political persona particularly irks the Dukakis camp. "First Al Gore ran as Sam Nunn," complains Leslie Dach, the Governor's



"Voters didn't hear what I had to say. That was the problem"

DICK GEPHARDT

spokesman. "Then he ran as Dick Gephardt. Now he's running as Gary Hart."

Gore stalwarts are equally annoyed over the way Dukakis keeps lurking behind the trees and refusing to come out and fight like, say, Walter Mondale. "Du-

kakis hasn't said anything," grumbles a Gore lieutenant. "All he's talked about is good jobs at good wages since the beginning of his campaign."

Perhaps these comments more than anything else explain Jesse Jackson's growing appeal to liberal white voters. In the kingdom of the bland, the preacher who has got a sermon to sing is king. That may explain why Jackson received 19% of the vote in Dukakis' home state, even though blacks make up just 3% of the Massachusetts voting-age population. At a Jackson rally in Little Rock, a onetime Simon delegate who had switched her allegiance told the crowd, "I'm tired of trying to figure out who's going to win. I want to vote for the person I believe in."

Some Democratic leaders are already frustrated over the party's inability to coalesce around a nominee, especially now that the Republicans have all but chosen their standard-bearer. But the Super Tuesday delegate jam may have given the Democratic contenders—particularly Dukakis and Gore—a chance to catch their breath and remind themselves that a campaign should be a battle over ideas and visions, not merely synthetic campaign messages. At the moment, it is a democratic principle that only Jackson seems to understand.

—By Walter Shapiro.
Reported by Michael Duffy with Dukakis and Joseph J. Kane/Atlanta

On the Grapevine



Reach out and touch someone. Jesse Jackson's tendency to work the telephones at odd hours could have an effect on the nomination, especially if his support is crucial in a bartered process. So far, Al Gore has done the best job

of keeping the lines open. Jackson and Gore talked twice last Tuesday night. About what? "Things personal, things political," says Jackson. He also talked to Paul Simon, but never connected with Dick Gephardt, who tried to reach him Tuesday night. The previous weekend Jackson spoke with Mario Cuomo. Did he ask for an endorsement? "Jesse said he'd rather have Matilda," joked the Governor, referring to his wife. The one candidate who seems not to care about stroking Jackson is Michael Dukakis. It has been weeks since they talked at length, and Jackson has not formed the same bond with the cool Yankee Governor as he has with Gore.

Scenes from a marriage. There was another, unspoken factor in Bob Dole's doubts about continuing his campaign: a growing tension with his wife. According to an aide, Dole felt totally rejected after last week's devastating primary results, and has vented some of his anger on his wife. Says the aide: "He's been an s.o.b. with her." Liddy Dole, in turn, has been disillusioned over her husband's inability to control his hostility toward George Bush. "Bob just won't pay any attention to me," she lamented to a friend.

Frequent fryer. During a closed-door meeting of campaign managers, Democratic Chairman Paul Kirk said the eventual nominee's plane must be equipped with the most advanced computers and communications equipment. Gerald Austin, Jesse Jackson's campaign manager, presented an unusual de-

mand: "the ability to fry catfish on this plane." When Kirk asked Austin why a high-tech fryer should be aboard, he replied, "Because we're going to be the nominee."

Busting loose. While waiting to do a satellite interview, George Bush asked a reporter if he had seen a Johnny Carson sketch that parodied Bush's tense interview with Dan Rather. The V.P. repeated the piece, in which a man confronts his wife over the question of his breakfast cereal. "Where are my Charms?" he asks. "I traded them for sausages," replied Bush, now playing the wife. "You traded Charms for sausages? How could you?" demands the husband. "I wouldn't want my entire career as a housewife judged on that one trade. You wouldn't want your entire career as a husband judged on those seven minutes in the bedroom last night, would you?" said Bush, delivering the punch line in falsetto.

Help not wanted. As opponents collapse, Bush's campaign has been besieged by jobseekers. One aspirant: former Reagan Political Director Ed Rollins, who started with Bush, then moved to Paul Laxalt and finally Jack Kemp. One top Bush aide suggested that Rollins should work for Dole "for a week or two, since that's the only one he hasn't worked on yet."

"Not this year anyway. I think twice in one year is enough."

—Gary Hart, when asked if he will run for the presidency again





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Hitting the road: Gore jogs on his Tennessee farm on Super Tuesday

Profiles in Caution

The several faces of Al Gore are all carefully thought out



In 1970 Albert Gore Jr. watched Albert Gore Sr. lose the Senate seat that he had held for 18 years. The father he adored had taken brave and unpopular stands against Southern fealty to segregation and then against the Viet Nam War, and he had lost his seat because of those stands. "His father's defeat was very traumatic to him," says his mother Pauline. It reaffirmed in the son an innate cautiousness and taught him the virtues of moderation, compromise, consensus.

In his own eight years in the House and three in the Senate, Al Jr. has rarely embarked on a controversial crusade. He is a man of cool and thoughtful calibration. His passions are more intellectual than ideological: he is more comfortable dealing with the abstractions and technicalities of arms control or the greenhouse effect than he is leading ideological battles. Whereas the father often demonstrated a kind of moderate rage on moral issues, the son describes himself as a "raging moderate." The oxymoron is appropriate, because Al Gore is a mixture of opposite, sometimes contradictory elements.

Gore is a combination of St. Alban's polish and down-home charm. Harvard intellectualism and backwoods shrewdness. He is almost as at home wearing pointy cowboy boots as clunky wing tips, drinking Corona beer in a rowdy bar as sipping Chablis in a Georgetown salon. But not quite. Now, in an effort to reposition himself, Gore the cerebral technocrat is coming on like a fiery champion of "working men and women." His problem is making the transformation credible. On the stump, he attempts to heighten emotions simply by raising the volume of his voice. Though he has fought for such

causes as consumers' rights, he seems to have put on his hand-me-down populism like the work shirts he donned for his new TV ads. Far more than even Richard Gephardt, Gore is an insider among the media and power elite, the teacher's pet of the Georgetown set.

The contradictions extend to his personality. In public, the buttoned-down Gore is solemn and earnest. A joke among the press corps is, How do you tell Al Gore from his Secret Service protection? Answer: He's the stiff one. In private, he is funny and irreverent, a good mimic and storyteller. In the right setting he will debate not only the virtues of the Midgetman missile, but whether the Beatles were a better group than the Rolling Stones (yes, he says).

As a second-string guard on the Harvard basketball team, Gore made up for a lack of physical skills through hustle and hard work. Nowadays when he turns his active, creative mind to a topic, he exhibits the same dogged discipline.

The major focus of that discipline has been arms control. "Doing something about arms control was the deciding thing in getting him in the race," says Gore Sr., one of five Congressmen consulted about the Manhattan Project to build the Bomb. In the early 1980s Gore was tutored each week on arms control for a year, and he was one of the first to urge funding of a mobile, single-warhead Midgetman missile as a way to enhance nuclear stability. In late February 1987 he was part of a congressional delegation visiting the arms-control talks in Geneva. The group met with Chief U.S. Negotiator Max Kampelman, the Pentagon's Richard Perle and Arms-Control Veteran Paul Nitze in the bubble, a

bugproof chamber in the embassy, and Gore led an often testy discussion that resulted in a secret compromise. The "treaty of the bubble" declared that in exchange for the Senate's supporting a moderate level of funding for SDI research, the Administration would not carry out SDI development and testing in violation of the 1972 antiballistic-missile treaty as interpreted by most Senators.

Gore gets worked up over arcane scientific knowledge. Sipping soda water and lime on a plane, he will take out a pad and scribble a graph explaining the differentials in the salinity of the oceans at various latitudes; he will talk in a knowing way about the volcanic eruption at Krakatoa in 1883 as an analogue to nuclear winter, or about a town in Patagonia that is under the ozone hole. He got legislation passed to accelerate research on a national fiber-optics network. At times his fascination with technological detail suggests both a keenness and a narrowness of mind. Yet he claims he is able to put his knowledge into a larger context of related issues, what he calls an "outrage."

Gore plays up his moderately hawkish stance on foreign policy along with his status as the only Viet Nam veteran in the race. He enlisted, after he considered avoiding the draft, partly because he did not want to sabotage his father's re-election. He served for six months as an Army reporter in Viet Nam, sometimes in hairy combat situations. The Democratic Party, he believes, derived some faulty conclusions from that war. "I think the party has to rebuild its standing with the American people," he says, "by putting the neo-isolationist impulse that came out of the Viet Nam War into its proper perspective."

Gore is the first baby-boom presidential candidate, but only in the past few weeks has he picked up on Gary Hart's theme of trumpeting the "politics of the future." As yet, he is not drumming up any generational excitement. His campaign could have been the first with a Big Chill sound track, yet Gore somehow seems to be outside his own generation. He does not want to seem youthful, and at that he succeeds. He comes across instead as a young fog. He is what grandparents call a "nice young man": Al Gore is not so much a good old boy as just a good boy. Moreover, his wife's crusade against "blue" rock-'n'-roll lyrics does not do much to endear him to those weaned on *Sympathy for the Devil*.

Gore, up close, can strike an idealistic note, talking about starvation in the sub-Saharan and the \$1 trillion spent a year "on new ways to kill people." In his stump speeches, he sounds off about engineering fundamental change rather than "tinkering around the edges." Gore does have a feeling for how such forces could affect America's future. Yet at the moment, just as the campaign spotlight hits him, he is latching on to various populist code phrases that hardly do justice to the message he could convey. —By Richard Stengel.

Reported by Steven Holmes with Gore and Strobe Talbott/Washington

Why Can't Jesse Be Nominated?

His race, his ideology and his character all play a part



For a moment on Tuesday night it seemed as if the asterisk next to Jesse Jackson's name had been dabbed with Wite-Out. His win was impressive: a plurality of the Democratic popular vote. But as the evening wore on, commentators and candidates began talking about a two-man Democratic race, as if Jackson were the pace horse of the piece, running to show, not to win. Even the newly anointed third runner, Al Gore, referred to a race between himself and Dukakis, oblivious to the fact that if it were a two-man race, he would be out of it. When Jackson corrected him, Gore, who needs Jackson more than Jackson needs him, stammered that three-man is what he had meant to say all along.

The tacit assumption, often spoken but seldom explored, is that Jackson cannot be the nominee. Moreover, no one expects that even the vice-presidential slot will be seriously offered to Jackson, even though anyone else with his impressive series of wins and shows would have a clear claim to it.

Why? A major reason is the most discomforting one: Jackson's unique limitations are due in large part to race. Americans have shown themselves ready for blacks in the Cabinet but apparently not as President. Surveys have found that 15% to 20% of the American electorate admit that, simply because he was black, they would not vote for a black presidential candidate. The glass ceiling that keeps blacks and other minorities from getting beyond statewide office is double-glazed at the presidential level. Says Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the N.A.A.C.P., of Jackson's limits: "It's primarily race. The majority of people make no bones about it."

The TIME poll taken last Thursday found that 49% of registered voters say they would not vote Democratic if Jesse Jackson were on the ticket as the presidential nominee; 40% would not vote Democratic if he were on the ticket as the vice-presidential nominee. When respondents were asked why people would not vote for a Jackson ticket, 32% replied "his race," vs. 39% who cited his "lack of government experience" and 12% who pointed to his "position on the issues."

The true effect of racism in American politics is harder to gauge when the candidate is Jackson, who comes with his own particular negatives. "To talk about Jesse's limitations," says Memphis Public Service Director Greg Duckett, "you have to look beyond the man's color to his message and qualifications, which do not appeal to the mainstream." Jesse Jackson has enough liabilities just from being Jesse all these years. Early on, he earned the

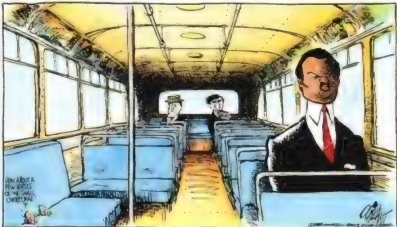
reputation of being a solo act, alienating even his colleagues in the civil rights movement. He prefers ad hoc decision making to planning, and leaves subordinates behind to tie up, or frequently not to tie up, loose ends.

He has never held an elective or governmental position, and critics say his major organizational effort, Operation PUSH, has produced more publicity than concrete accomplishments. In the past, government agencies have charged that Jackson's educational-motivation program, PUSH-EXCEL, misspent more than \$1 million in federal grant money. In addition, Jackson has outraged Jews by call-

credentials by this stage of his career."

Jackson has yet another complicating factor holding him back: his leftist ideology. His calls for economic justice and an all-out war on drugs have wide appeal. But proposals to cut military spending in favor of social programs, impose new taxes on business and the wealthy, and embark on a raft of expensive domestic programs appeal largely to those fed thin gruel during the Reagan gravy years and not to an electoral majority.

The racial and personal factors that will keep Jackson from winning the presidential nomination this year will almost certainly keep him from being the vice-presidential pick, despite a delegate count that would make any other candidate a natural. Michael Dukakis hemmed and hawed when asked about the prospect of Jackson on the ticket; Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton, a Jackson admirer, says



ing New York City "Hymietown" and by preserving his links in 1984 to Louis Farrakhan, who called Judaism a "gutter religion." He has practiced diplomacy by wet kiss with some of the Third World's more controversial characters.

I n deed, if Jackson were white, his unconventional past might have forced him from contention long ago; if being black holds him back now, it has propelled him forward in the past over bumps that might have disabled others. His opponents have avoided criticizing him in hope of eventually inheriting his support. No white politician with Jackson's lack of experience could have come nearly so far. Yet there is a flip side to this argument: Any white politician with Jackson's gifts would probably have been brought along by a well-positioned mentor or two, groomed for leadership by the institutions in which he would later assume power. Says Ann Lewis, a Jackson adviser and former political director of the Democratic National Committee: "A white man of Jackson's age, talent, energy and interests would almost surely have gathered government

Jackson would have a valid claim "only if his negatives decline."

What Jackson ends up getting out of the race, short of a spot on the ticket, could be what he privately says he wants: to play a part in his party's councils, to have a seat at the table when the door closes, to be respected and included. Whites who have never felt the sting of exclusion may find Jackson's quest somewhat baffling. He is not seeking the vice-presidential slot, because he has no intention of being the seagoat for a Democratic loss.

Perhaps another black man could break the racial barrier more easily than Jackson, with all his other baggage. But Jackson is paving the way for someone to do so in the future. No one who has seen the white hands of farmers, factory workers and the elderly straining to touch Jackson can doubt that his campaign in 1988, more so than the one in 1984, will leave America less racist than it found it. Thus when the glass ceiling is broken, Jackson may have to settle for being the one on whose shoulders others stand to climb through.

By Margaret B. Carlson.
Reported by Michael Riley with Jackson

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Making History with Silo Sam

The secret of Jackson's success is preaching a populism of inclusion, not exclusion

By Garry Wills



Standing over my seat in the airplane, he shadow-boxes with the empty aisle just darkened for take-off: "It's like a fighter who's got his guard up high, looking over at 'the Bear'—his head periscopes over his hands—and you expose yourself to these terrible body blows. Drugs." His misdirection abruptly gives under the imagined punch, but the hands stay up. "Debt." He buckles again. "The purchasing of America. Energy." It is Jesse Jackson's analysis of the gut dismay he finds in contemporary America. He is an ecumenical collector of dysmays.

"I start my policy toward Russia from here, from the hurt"—he holds his aching fighter's sides—"and move on out toward them." Protecting against the body blows, he argues, will make America stronger against the Russian Bear. "We've been leading with our left, with our left"—he jabs, repeated, automatic. "Always military first, not economic, not diplomatic."

His aides complain that reporters cover his style, not his message. But he is remarkably successful in phrasing a message that others understand—"keepin' the grass down where the goats can get at it" in the famous advice George Wallace gave him. "We can't have no goats jumpin' in the air after grass," Jackson says.) Certainly his rivals have grasped his message, especially Richard Gephardt, who dramatized his anticorporate populism in a series of oaths that led Michael Dukakis to say "That's Jesse's line." Jackson, picking up on that in a Des Moines debate, said he could not afford the slick ads, but sure enough, "That's my line. That's my line."

One aspect of Jackson's populism is not imitated by others—certainly not by Gephardt with his xenophobic pitch. Jackson can establish emotional ties with the troubled, with dispossessed farmers, striking workers, the sick and the elderly. This empathy with white misfortune was the surprise in Iowa, where his flamboyant gentleness disarmed farmers and won improbable allies. More than any other candidate, he sends people away from his speeches happy, proud that they are somebody.

His populism can keep itself in motion without the prods of rancor. Even the villains of his moral fables—the barracudas who devour little fish of all sorts ("barracudas swim very deep, where it's very dark; they can't even tell whether they are swallowing white fish or black fish")—are not so much evil in their own waters, but mainly when they swim back at us from Taiwan. GE is attacked for selling goods made overseas with jobs the company took from America in the first place. Jackson's solution is to keep GE at home with a combination of tax penalties and tax incentives.

Purists of the left attack Jackson for his readiness to deal with capitalists (even, in the past, to adopt President Reagan's idea of enterprise zones). He is voraciously inclusive, and thinks no one should go away from a party without his or her piece of the cake. "Let's make a deal" is the constant offer of this hyperactive opportunist and optimist. His original civil rights project, Operation Breadbasket, began as a demand for higher black

employment by corporations, but Jackson added "What can we do for you?" and established "covenants" endorsing firms for black consumers. On that basis he made further demands for blacks in managerial positions, in what looks to some like economic coercion but is thought of by Jackson as economic statesmanship. Everybody gets something—bosses get cooperation and customers; workers get some control over their working conditions.

Jackson is an includer, not an excluder. He likes to be liked; he hates to lose any audience (which makes him run perpetually late, lingering with every group to complete his sale). Jackson is a performer, and, like Reagan, to whom he bears some unexpected resemblances, he is a master at wrapping a deeply felt conviction inside a one-liner. And he is bad at firing anyone. His receptiveness to anybody who will join him can be ludicrous, as when he took a wrestler named "Silo Sam," who claims to be seven-foot-seven, along on several

stops the day after he met him, accepting Silo's public endorsement at a Teamsters' meeting, along with Billy Carter's, as a sign of his support from "ordinary people."

Despite his alacrity for inclusion, he has been rebuffed by repeated exclusions in the past. Ann Lewis, the Democratic strategist, remembers one of her first endeavors with Jackson. They were at the Japanese embassy in Washington, part of a delegation to protest racially condescending remarks made by Premier Nakasone. "Before we went out to meet the press," she recalls, "Jesse gathered us together and said, 'We



MAKING HISTORY, MAKING JOKES, REDEFINING "WE"

cannot contribute to any further racism. These people do not know how much trouble they are in, and we must not add to the flames by our remarks.' " Then, as Jackson drove Lewis home, he complained of a party-sponsored dinner in 1986 that had included all the former Democratic presidential candidates yet pointedly excluded him. "He was hurt by that," says Lewis. "But I said he could not let them define themselves as the party. We are all the party."

Back in the '60s, Jackson was treated as a Johnny-come-lately to the civil rights movement, given minor and thankless tasks. As a result of David Garrow's important book *Bearing the Cross*, we now know that the civil rights movement was internally riven by the time Jackson joined it. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference was being shoved out of its original nest in Atlanta and was meeting resistance from established black preachers in Chicago. Jackson, who was not even a minister yet (and therefore less of a threat) was given Operation Breadbasket to operate on indeterminate territory partway between SCLC and Chicago's local pastors. The group met, as its successor Operation PUSH still does, on Saturday mornings, so as not to invade the sacred turf of the Sunday preachers. Jackson was "included out" from the beginning.

Yet when Andrew Young got up to speak to the San Francisco convention about the platform, he was booed by younger delegates loyal to Jackson. At a black caucus, summoned to calm

black delegates' anger, Coretta King was booed when she spoke for Young. "That was yesterday," some delegates called up to her. "What have you done for us today?" Young slipped out the back door. Only when Jackson arrived and made an emotional plea for unity did those onstage lock arms and sing *We Shall Overcome*. Jackson rebuked his followers: "When I think about the roads I've walked with Andy, and the leadership of Mrs. King—her home bombed, her husband assassinated, her children raised by a widow—she deserves to be heard." Those who talk about a "changed" Jackson in this campaign, less strident and more conciliatory, were not watching that tense moment in the 1984 campaign.

During the 1970s, while other movement leaders went into local politics or burned themselves out, Jackson became the only national black leader. He alone traveled the length of the nation, addressing a new generation in school after school, attacking drugs, calling for academic excellence, preaching self-discipline (a message that had few allies then, with the embarrassing exception of the Black Muslims).

The charge against Jackson in those days was that he was inspiring, he gave good speeches, but he had no follow-through. (The same charge, Garrow reminds us, dogged Dr. King all his days). Yet Operation Breadbasket, that orphaned program, was expanded into Operation PUSH, and that turned into the "rainbow coalition," which became the 1984 campaign and has led on to Jackson's strong showing in the current presidential race. The argument that Jackson is not a builder masks the fact that he has found new ways to build a movement, going beyond the civil rights organizations (which, in their day, departed from older political structures).

Jackson is forming a movement to go beyond civil rights toward economic justice, which means going beyond black and white politics. It is true that the worst domestic crises that afflict America—unemployment, debt, blighted inner cities, drugs, fatherless children, AIDS—are especially wounding to black citizens. Jackson speaks for these victims but not exclusively for them. Blacks and whites must participate in the solution to problems they both created. The trick, as Bert Lance puts it in Southern terms, is to "combine a minority of the majority vote with a majority of the minority vote"—as happened in the 1986 election of Southern Democratic Senators, following on Jackson's campaign and registration efforts of 1984. Those elections, giving the Democrats control of the Senate, made possible the rejection of Robert Bork. "We did it under the [Judiciary Committee] chairmanship of Senator Biden," Jackson says. "We couldn't have done it under the chairmanship of Senator Thurmond."

In 1986 young black voters reversed a historic pattern and turned out in greater numbers than young whites. When Jackson went to visit Alabama's Senator Howell Heflin on the Bork nomination, Heflin said he did not want to do anything to discourage the "new voters," and thus opposed Bork. Jackson, solemn in the meeting, chuckles afterward at the circumlocution: "The 'new voters' Don't you just love it?" But it was more than black voters who stood in Bork's way. The combination that defeated him—minorities, women's groups, civil liberties activists—looked like the rainbow coalition.

Jackson sees his campaigns as part of an ongoing process that is changing American politics: "It is important to watch what happens in elections at the county level, all over the nation. The impact of this election is going to be felt in the elections of 1990, when the census is taken, and in 1991, when reapportionment takes place." He wants to build from the consensus established to defeat Bork: "There were fears about letting new people into the process, whether we could handle all these women, or 18-year-olds, or blacks, or homosexuals. But they have all proved to be just as American as earlier voters. We have to redefine 'we.'" Inclusively.

After his shadowboxing in the airplane's aisle, Jackson, still standing up during takeoff, told me: "President Reagan said something that should have got more attention from the press. He said the last 40 years had not been good for the West. These last 40 years have been the most exciting and liberating for the world. Whole empires have fallen, new nations been created, people taken charge of their own lives. What Reagan meant is that all those little s---s in the U.N. have been beating up on us for 40 years—us, Somoza, us, Batista, us, Marcos. We've got to redefine 'us.'"

When asked about his lack of experience in office, Jackson says, "I've dealt with more world leaders than any of the candidates, and I met them when they were living [a dig at Bush's errands to funerals of foreign dignitaries]. Take all the Democratic candidates, blindfold us, drop us anywhere in the world with a dollar in our pockets, and who do you think would lead the others out?"

"If we can have relations with Russia and China, certainly we can expand our influence in Latin America by negotiating with Castro. The Israelis and the Palestinians are in a death grip. They have their arms around each other and a knife at each other's back. They are following each other out, afraid to let go for fear of being knifed in the face. They must be pried a loose." The week Jackson said this, the Israeli journalist Wolf Blitzer wrote a

long article in the Jerusalem Post, concluding, "Israel and its friends in the American Jewish community clearly have an important self-interest in establishing as decent a relationship with him as possible."

Whether Jackson poses a threat or offers therapy to his party, he constitutes something of an intelligence test for America. With his unashamed assertion of who he is, he flirts with prejudice, daring it out of its cave. He is the only presidential candidate who can say *ain't* without being considered ignorant except by the ignorant: "We makin' most politicians, he has a sense of the absurd in a campaign, and cannot resist making jokes as well as history (as he proved during his surreal day with Silo Sam). Though he has resolved not to criticize other

Democrats, an occasional mocking touch comes through. At last year's Congressional Black Caucus, the master of ceremonies did an elaborate dance to slip a little platform in front of the microphone each time Governor Dukakis came up to it to answer a question. Jackson eyed the platform quizzically, stepped onto it for a moment, towering above the adjusted microphone, and softly said, "I've waited years for equal standing."

George Will, in the spirit of old crackers giving voting quizzes to blacks when they tried to register, earlier this year asked Jackson on television, "As a President, would you support measures such as the G-7 measures and the Louvre Accords?" (Like the red-neck quizzes, Will got the trick question slightly wrong—the Louvre Accord was a G-7 measure). Jackson has survived clever plays of exclusion than that, but can the rest of the country continue to indulge them?

Jackson likes to end speeches with the story of his grandmother, who took odds and ends of cloth ("not hardly fit to wipe your shoes with, some of them") and stitched them into a quilt that kept him warm as a child. Then, referring to different minorities or excluded parts of his audience, he tells farmers, or strikers, or Hispanics, that "you're right, but your patch ain't big enough." The minorities must unite to extend their influence. He does not reach the real conclusion of his parable—that the white patch ain't big enough either: the majority cannot solve the nation's problems. If blacks do not participate in the solution to this country's difficulties, there will be no solution. It is going to take a thorough interweaving of minorities within majorities and majorities within minorities to deal with crime and drugs and jobs and health. So far, the most energetic piecer-together of the component strips of such an electoral quilt is Jesse Jackson, rhetorical, ecumenical, opportunistic, making history, making jokes. ■

**He is a master
at wrapping a
deeply felt
conviction inside a
one-liner . . .
He flirts with
prejudice, daring it
out of its cave.**

American Notes

THE COMMITTEE OF BAR EXAMINERS
OF THE STATE BAR OF CALIFORNIA



LOS ANGELES Laura Salant, as her husband



TEXAS Rocky, the drug-sniffing wonder dog



NEW YORK CITY Brown: back on the street

JUSTICE

McFarlane Takes a Fall

He was so despondent over his Iran-*contra* role that he tried to commit suicide. Last week the troubles of former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane continued. He became the first Reagan Administration official to plead guilty to crimes in the scandal. After negotiations with Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, McFarlane, 50, admitted that on four occasions in 1985 and 1986 he unlawfully withheld information from Congress about the National Security Council's secret military aid to the Nicaraguan rebels.

Each offense is a misdemeanor carrying a maximum penalty of one year in prison. Sentencing may be delayed until McFarlane cooperates with Walsh on further prosecutions. "I have told all that I know..." McFarlane said. "I will be available to repeat it." That was not good news for such major Walsh targets as John Poindexter and Oliver North.

LOS ANGELES

Stand By Your Man

When Morgan Lamb took the California bar exam for the second time in July 1985, he finished third in a field of

7,668. Pretty impressive for someone who had failed the bar just a few months earlier, scoring among the bottom 20% of those tested.

In fact, the turnaround was too good to be true. Suspicious examiners had noticed that the "Morgan Lamb" taking the test was a pregnant woman, although she resembled a man in her exam ID photo. Nine months later, police arrested Lamb, who by that time was working at a prominent firm, and his wife, Laura Salant, a promising Securities and Exchange Commission lawyer. Police had found Salant's fingerprints on the exam booklets and discovered that she posed for the exam ID photo wearing men's clothing.

Now divorced, Lamb, 34, was convicted of forgery and false personation, and faces up to four years in prison. Salant, 32, was put on three years' probation, lost her job and may be disbarred.

TEXAS

The Border's Nosy Narcs

Without question, Rocky and Barco are the best agents the Border Patrol has in South Texas. In just eleven months on the job they have helped seize \$128 million worth of cocaine and other drugs coming into the U.S. from Mexico. So effective are they that angry dopers are reported to have put

out \$30,000 contracts on their lives.

Are Rocky and Barco worried? No, but their handlers are. The two agents are Belgian Malinois, a breed of dog similar to the German shepherd that sniffs out drugs. "The South has never seen anything so good," said Assistant Chief Patrol Agent Jack Vickery, who last week announced that there would be additional protective measures for the dogs. Next week, four new members of the canine corps will report for duty.

WASHINGTON

Cross Fire over Plastic Guns

The newest nightmare for law enforcement is the plastic gun that can pass unnoticed through metal detectors at airports and courthouses. Although many in Congress want to outlaw the guns, the National Rifle Association is supporting a proposal to allow manufacturers to make plastic guns that contain only minimal amounts of metal. To spot such weapons, critics say, metal detectors would have to be so sensitive that they would be triggered by zippers on people's clothing.

Yet the minimal-metal bill got an unlikely endorsement recently as an "excellent legislative proposal" by none other than Attorney General Edwin Meese. In response, the Inter-

national Association of Chiefs of Police and eleven allied groups have drafted a letter to Meese charging that his action was a "betrayal of law enforcement" to the "money and clout of the gun lobby."

NEW YORK CITY

Back on the Street Again

After her release from a mental hospital in January, Joyce Brown seemed to have a new start in life. As one of the first homeless people picked up in Mayor Ed Koch's program to take people suspected of being mentally ill off the street, Brown won a controversial test case when a judge ruled that she could not be forced to submit to treatment. The former "Billie Boggs," as she called herself, appeared on *Donahue* and lectured to Harvard Law School students on the plight of the homeless. She found housing in a somewhat seedy hotel in Times Square.

Last week, however, there were signs that Brown's newfound status had not cured her deeper problems. She was spotted back on the street, begging for money and shouting obscenities at passersby. The next day Brown claimed that she had needed cash for cigarettes and food. "I'm not insane," she insisted. It remains to be seen whether Brown has sacrificed her well-being by standing up for her rights.

World

PANAMA

The Big Squeeze

Demonstrations falter, but the U.S. cuts Noriega's cash flow

The scene was a bizarre blend of whimsy, fashion and rage. As antigovernment protesters gathered on the Via España in downtown Panama City last week, some of the women sported designer sunglasses and diamond-stud earrings to go with their smart dresses and slacks. Clapping in rhythm, the middle-class crowd jeered, "Down with Noriega! Get out, and let us eat!" When passing motorists blared their horns in approval, riot police poured from trucks bearing the painted image of Doberman attack dogs. Then from the side of the road rolled a truck hauling two water cannons inexplicably emblazoned with powder-blue Smurfs.

The demonstrators had no time to stare. Jets of water washed over them while police fired volleys of bird shot and U.S.-made tear gas into the crowd. For the next two hours, knots of marchers

chanted, banged poles, and burned tires and garbage in the streets. Shuttling from one area of protest to the next, police forced the groups to seek refuge in bars and boutiques and finally directed their fire into the shops and even into apartments. Said an indignant woman inside a store that reeked of eye-stinging gas: "I'm an old lady with a bad heart, and still they spray that at me. I don't know what we are going to do with these people."

Neither, it seemed, did anyone else, including the U.S. Despite the halfhearted efforts of many middle-class Panamanians to oust him and the maneuverings by U.S. officials, there were no signs that General Manuel Antonio Noriega had lost control. After Noriega was indicted on drug-trafficking charges by two U.S. grand juries last month, President Eric Arturo Delvalle sacked him as head of the 16,000-member Panama Defense Forces;

the general simply turned around and had the National Assembly dump Delvalle, replacing him with Education Minister Manuel Solís Palma. Now Noriega faces a stiffer test: a rapidly worsening cash crunch that began two weeks ago, when the U.S. froze some \$50 million in Panamanian funds in U.S. banks.

Last week President Reagan announced that the U.S. would withhold \$6.5 million in fees collected by the Panama Canal Commission and scheduled to be paid to the Panamanian government this week. The money was held, said Washington, at the request of Delvalle, whom the U.S. continues to recognize as Panama's President. Reagan also suspended trade preferences that will affect \$96 million in commerce between the U.S. and Panama. There will be no "business as usual" with the Noriega regime, the President said. Secretary of State



Signs of economic strain: with banks closed and dollars in short supply, frantic pensioners try to cash checks at the Ministry of Public Health

George Shultz argued that a severe economic squeeze would force Noriega out. Other officials, including Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci, contended that such actions would simply strengthen Noriega's resolve to stay.

Signs of severe economic pain grew more evident last week. Fearing a run on deposits, Panama's 120 banks remained closed. Thousands of retirees, unable to cash their social-security checks, blocked traffic and angrily waved their pay slips in the air. The government cashed the checks the next day at special offices, after delivering the money in heavily guarded armored cars. But ordinary shoppers were out of luck because grocery stores refused to accept checks or credit cards. While Noriega appeared to pacify soldiers by meeting the military payroll, Panama's government workers faced a cashless payday this week.

As the hardship worsened, Noriega's backers lashed out at Washington. Noting that American forces were staging exercises along the Panama Canal, Foreign Minister Jorge Abadía Arias charged that the U.S. planned to invade the country. The U.S. Southern Command, which has 10,000 troops stationed along the waterway, called the maneuvers routine.

Noriega's bluster could not conceal the bitter truth that most Panamanians want the general out, and they want him out now. Yet the country has not been



Riot police seize a protester during antigovernment rally

There are no signs that the general has lost control.

gripped by the same volatile passions that ignited mass protests in Haiti, South Korea and the Philippines in recent years. Last summer's protests by hundreds of thousands of fist-shaking Panamanians have given way to muted anger. "We're not a violent people," said a middle-class woman in the capital. "We want to do it peacefully, like Gandhi."

The demonstration last week underscored that sentiment. It was called for 2 p.m. People began showing up at about 1:30 and never numbered more than 500. Adolfo, a shop clerk, viewed the crowd from the safety of the store and then explained why. "I want Noriega out, but my getting beat up isn't going to accomplish that." Observed a veteran politician: "Panamanians won't take the suffering. We are a bourgeois society."

That is most apparent in Panama

City, dotted with gleaming bank towers. Minimal banking regulations have turned Panama into a global financial center and an alleged haven for profits from worldwide narcotics sales. Hundreds of international firms have opened Panamanian offices to save money on taxes, while dozens of shipping companies register their boats there. The resulting wealth has made Panamanians wary of upsetting the status quo—even where Noriega is concerned. The National Civic Crusade, a coalition of business and professional groups, called off a general strike two weeks ago, when the action threatened to damage the economy.

Yet the Crusade expects more Panamanians to join the struggle against Noriega as the economic noose tightens. "People don't think parties or Crusade," said Roberto Brenes, a Crusade leader and former investment banker. "They think their bellies." To strengthen its clout, the Crusade last week agreed to back a government of national reconciliation, headed by Delvalle, to replace the Noriega-dominated regime.

Some Panamanians fear that Noriega will never leave without military intervention from the north. "The Americans put Noriega here," said a middle-class protester. "Now they have to get him out." Concurred another: "Everybody is hoping for the Americans to interfere." That includes Mariela Delvalle, wife of the deposed President. Though Mariela

What About the Canal?

At the stroke of noon on Dec. 31, 1999, the U.S. is scheduled to turn over the Panama Canal to Panama forever. When the treaty transferring the waterway was signed in 1977, it was widely denounced in both countries: many Panamanians complained about the protracted timetable, while many Americans, including Ronald Reagan, insisted that the canal should remain in U.S. hands. Today the treaty is again a source of controversy. An embattled General Manuel Antonio Noriega is trying to rally his countrymen by claiming that Washington wants to break the agreement. Meanwhile, some legislators on Capitol Hill are asking whether the U.S. shouldn't keep the canal if in 1999 Panama is still being run by thuggish dictators like Noriega.

Though much of the treaty is sloppily worded, it is unambiguous on one point: the U.S. has no legal option but to surrender the canal. In 1978, when the U.S. Senate approved the document, an amendment was passed that allows the U.S. to take action to ensure that the canal "remains open, neutral, secure and accessible." But what constitutes a threat to the waterway is not specified, and even if U.S. Marines were dis-

patched to protect the canal after 1999, it would still belong to Panama. The U.S., of course, could unilaterally abrogate the treaty, but at the cost of shredding Washington's reputation for trustworthiness around the world. Asks a foreign observer living in Panama: "What credibility would the U.S. ever have again anywhere in Latin America, or with the Soviets the next time they sit down to talk about missiles?"

In fact, the U.S. has already given up more than 60% of the Canal Area, as the former Canal Zone is called, since 1979. Panama now operates the railway that serves the facility, nearly all the canal watershed, and the ports of Balboa and Cristobal. U.S. officials in Panama give local workers high marks for their ability to handle complex engineering and piloting tasks. But under Noriega many high-level operational posts have been filled by inept cronies. The result has been mismanagement of the railway and poor road maintenance.

Panama has imposed a dubious "lights and buoy" fee on ships approaching the canal, although the treaty prohibits such charges. At the rate of 1.25¢ a ton, the levy could raise as much as \$2.5 million a year. But the penny-wise move could have pound-foolish results. In retaliation, Washington has threatened to revoke a fee exemption enjoyed by Panamanian ships at U.S. ports. The amount: 50¢ a ton.



Between two seas: a mismanaged railway and poor roads

World

MIDDLE EAST

Backed into a Tight Corner

Despite rising U.S. pressure, Shamir rejects Shultz's peace plan

and her husband are hiding in separate locations in Panama, they communicate in writing. In an interview with *TIME* last week, the former First Lady insisted, "I want the United States to be ready to invade Panama if we ask for it. I don't want an invasion. But if we call for one, you better be ready. If you don't make preparations now, you won't be ready when we need you. I know America. You're always late."

But even as the U.S.-Panamanian showdown grew more bitter, rumors circulated that the two sides might strike a deal. According to Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, a Noriega envoy had asked whether the indictment could be withdrawn. "The general is willing to go, but he's not going to be dragged out like a dog," said a Panamanian who knows the general well. Another Panamanian hinted that the leader might consider retiring on April 23, the 25th anniversary of his entrance into the Defense Forces. A second possible date: Aug. 12, when Noriega completes his fifth year as military commander.

So far, though, U.S. Justice officials have refused to consider dropping the charges against Noriega. A dismissal would require Ronald Reagan's signature, and the Administration is afraid of sending the wrong signal just as its antidrug campaign is developing fresh momentum. The Government continued to crack down on drug traffickers last week, when a federal grand jury in Miami indicted Colonel Jean-Claude Paul, the powerful commander of Haiti's largest military garrison. The indictment charged Paul with allowing cocaine smugglers to use an airstrip on his farm to fly drugs to the U.S. He is unlikely to be brought to trial, however, since the U.S. has no working extradition treaty with Haiti.

If Noriega does agree to leave, he will probably insist that a transitional government be in place before he departs and that the Defense Forces remain intact. Although the U.S. might be willing to give him those assurances, Administration officials face another hurdle: Noriega does not trust them. "The way he sees it, he was loyal to the U.S. for many years. After all that, he was betrayed," says a former Panamanian official. In fact, despite the feelers Noriega has sent to the State Department and the Pentagon, he continues to vow publicly that "the only way this general is leaving is dead." Meanwhile, the majority of Panamanians watch and wait, many wishing that Washington would somehow remove the general but as yet unconvinced that the situation is serious enough for them to challenge Noriega's troops to a full-scale battle in the streets.

—By John Greenwald,

Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and John Moody/Panama City

Seldom, if ever, was a leader of Israel under so much fire on the eve of an official visit to the U.S. In the West Bank and Gaza Strip, six casualties last week raised the death toll to at least 85, as Palestinians began a fourth month of rioting. At the same time, Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir was being pressed to accept a new U.S. peace plan that would initiate talks this spring with an international conference, settle arrangements for Palestinian self-rule, and begin by December to negotiate a permanent end to the occupation by handing back parts of the disputed land to Arab control. Adding to Shamir's troubles as he prepared for this week's meetings on the plan with President Rea-

the proposal "fraught with danger" for Israel, he said the "document does not serve the cause of peace or advance it even by one centimeter." Shamir opposes surrendering the West Bank in return for a promise of peace, arguing that the territory, captured in 1967, formed part of the biblical land of Israel and now provides the nation with more secure borders.

Shamir, leader of the conservative Likud bloc, repeatedly resisted Peres' call for a formal Cabinet vote on the U.S. plan. He intends to offer his own peace initiative, which would give Palestinians some autonomy, but rather than beginning negotiations on the disposition of territories within nine months, it would stall



West Bank strife: Palestinian women struggle to resist an arrest by an Israeli soldier

The American proposal "is not Moses' Commandments from Mount Sinai," says Shamir.

gan were sharp criticisms from 30 U.S. Senators who attacked him for rejecting the "land-for-peace" proposal. Finally, the European Parliament took a slap at the embattled Israeli government, refusing to ratify new trade accords that would give Israel easier access to European markets and loans.

In Jerusalem, Cabinet and Knesset discussions of the peace proposal grew heated. Foreign Minister Shimon Peres, who as head of the moderate Labor Party has backed the plan, spoke of a critical juncture for the country: "Perhaps for the first time in the history of Israel, we are about to turn our backs on the chance for peace." In Washington, Secretary of State George Shultz urged Israelis to address the "time bomb" of a rapidly growing population of disenfranchised Palestinians, adding that Israel's best defense is "seeking peace in the neighborhood."

But in a series of interviews, a defiant Shamir rejected the U.S. plan. Said he: "This paper given to us is not Moses' Commandments from Mount Sinai." Calling

for at least three more years. Last week the Palestine Liberation Organization foolishly played into Shamir's stonewalling strategy by hijacking a bus carrying civilians in Israel. The terrorist incident, which left three Israelis and all three guerrillas dead, bolstered Shamir's position that Israel should not enter into negotiations that might include the P.L.O.

Shamir hopes that a rightward trend in Israeli politics, fueled by the continuing Palestinian unrest, will enable Likud to oust Labor from Israel's power-sharing coalition government in this year's elections, scheduled for November. But a gnawing problem for Likud as well as Labor is that the nation continues to be deeply divided over what to do about the occupied territories. At week's end a poll of some 500 Israelis published in the Tel Aviv daily *Hadashot* showed that while 46% favored the land-for-peace proposal and 37% opposed it, fully 17% were undecided on the country's most urgent political issue.

—By Scott MacLeod,

Reported by Johanna McGeary/Jerusalem

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World

TERRORISM

Bloody Band

A plane hijacked in Siberia

By all accounts, the Ovechkins of Siberia were a remarkable family. After giving birth to the tenth of her eleven children, Ninel Ovechkin was awarded the Soviet title of "Hero Mother." After her husband died in 1984, she reared her seven sons and four daughters by herself in the city of Irkutsk, about 2,600 miles east of Moscow. The boys started a popular local jazz band called the Seven Simeons and recently performed in Japan.

That made it all the more puzzling last week when the family attempted to hijack a Soviet airliner, an incident that climaxed in a moment of supreme horror. According to Soviet press reports, Ninel and ten of her children boarded an Aeroflot Tu-154 jetliner at Irkutsk, bound for Leningrad 2,900 miles away. Their luggage included a double-bass case, which was too big to pass through the airport X-ray machines but which family members insisted was too valuable to put in the cargo hold. About halfway through the long journey, the trouble began. Two of the Ovechkin sons produced sawed-off rifles from the instrument case and handed the flight attendant a note, threatening to blow up the plane unless it was diverted "to a capitalist country, to London."

Explaining that the jet had insufficient fuel, the flight crew told the hijackers they would have to land at the Finnish town of Kotka. Instead, the three-engine jet touched down at an airstrip outside Leningrad, where Soviet officials attempted to negotiate with the family. But after the Ovechkins shot and killed a flight attendant, an anti-terrorist team stormed the plane. As the men rushed the jet, the hijackers apparently set off an explosive device, and a shoot-out ensued. Realizing that the attempt had failed, two of the Ovechkin sons shot and killed their mother, then turned their weapons on themselves. A total of nine people died, including the flight attendant, three passengers, Ninel and her four eldest sons, ranging in age from 25 to 17. At least 20 others were hospitalized. Ninel, described by the Soviet news agency IASS as a "plump, fashionably dressed woman of over 50," apparently gave the orders throughout the incident.

Reflecting Mikhail Gorbachev's call to report the bad news as well as the good, the Soviet media gave the event big play. News of the incident was first carried by IASS, within 24 hours. Follow-up reports included eyewitness accounts from passengers and reaction from shocked residents of Irkutsk. Soviet journalists found themselves bedeviled by the senseless tragedy. Why did they do it? *Pravda* asked. "They had everything they needed." ■



Popular defiance: Warsaw University students rally for recognition of their union

COMMUNISM

Gusts of Dissatisfaction

Political protests rattle three East European nations

In the wake of one of the worst outbreaks of ethnic violence in modern Soviet history, Mikhail Gorbachev last week moved to confront the crisis in a safely bureaucratic manner. A high-level investigation will be launched to resolve grievances between the neighboring southern republics of Armenia and Azerbaijan that resulted in confrontations claiming at least 34 lives. At the same time, Gorbachev said, any solution must be based on "internationalist" principles. Most Soviet analysts took that remark as a coded warning to Armenians to set aside their nationalist aspirations, specifically, the goal of annexing the Nagorno-Karabakh district of Azerbaijan, which is populated mainly by Armenians and was the scene of most of the unrest. Whether that stipulation is agreeable to Armenia is questionable, but no further disturbances were reported in the region.

Soviet problems with ethnic unrest will doubtless be very much on Gorbachev's mind this week, when he is scheduled to make a five-day visit to Yugoslavia, a nation with some of Eastern Europe's bitterest tribal rivalries. Yet even as the Soviet leader was seeking to keep the lid on at home, outbreaks of turbulence erupted in three of the Soviet-dominated states of Eastern Europe. In Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany, Communist authorities last week moved to stamp out separate shows of popular defiance. Though these outbreaks involved political rather than ethnic grievances, both forms of unrest may have been prompted in part by the spirit of political openness and reform that Gorbachev has promoted.

The outbreak in Poland was mounted by students at the universities of Warsaw and Cracow marking the anniversary of a wave of antigovernment protest that swept

the country in 1968. In both cities, several thousand people gathered downtown and demanded official recognition of the Independent Students' Union, banned when martial law was imposed in 1981. The Warsaw crowd was charged by hundreds of ZOMO riot police, who used three-foot truncheons to club demonstrators. In Cracow, several dozen students were reported injured, and more than 100 were detained.

Czechoslovakia's hard-line regime was confronted with a peaceful but highly unusual protest over the country's repression of religious freedoms. To make their point, 10,000 Roman Catholics gathered at St. Vitus' Cathedral in Prague's Hradčany district for a special Mass celebrated by Primate František Cardinal Tomášek, 88. Police did not interfere, but they had previously arrested 13 dissidents to prevent their participation.

In East Germany, authorities continued a campaign of harassment aimed at would-be emigrants, many of whom have sought assistance from Protestant church groups in their efforts to obtain exit visas. At least 100 such individuals have been arrested, according to church officials. Last Sunday police surrounded East Berlin's Sophienkirche, one of the city's largest churches, subjecting worshippers to intimidating identity checks. The new crackdown follows a drive in January in which some dissidents were "exiled" to West Germany as punishment. Officials have evidently decided that the sweet prospect of such punishment merely encouraged the estimated 50,000 would-be emigrants, most of them not overtly political, to become more vocal in their efforts to leave the country.

—By William R. Doerner.
Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/Vienna and Ann Blackman/Moscow

World

AFGHANISTAN

Stretching the Deadline

A slowdown, but not a breakdown, in Geneva negotiations

"This week you should do your sight-seeing," suggested United Nations Mediator Diego Cordovez to journalists gathered in Geneva last week. That advice was the first sign that the pace had slowed in what was to be the final round of talks aimed at settling Afghanistan's eight-year-old civil war. Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev had set March 15 as the target date for concluding the negotiations, promising that if it was met, Moscow would begin withdrawing its 115,000-member army of occupation from Afghanistan by May 15. Yet last week key negotiators, including Pakistani Minister of State Zain Noorani, whose government represents the *mujahedin* rebels, admitted that the putative deadline would pass without an agreement. Said Noorani: "It's out of the question."

Despite that looming failure, there were signs that prospects for an eventual accord, possibly one that would keep Gorbachev's May 15 timing intact, were far from bleak. For one thing, neither the Pakistanis nor the Soviet-backed Afghan regime was even hinting that the slipped deadline would provoke a walkout from the talks. For another, the Soviet representative at the negotiations, Ambassador-at-Large Nikolai Kozyrev, revealed that his government and the U.S. are conducting intensive and highly secret discussions on Afghanistan in Moscow and Washington. The ever persistent Cordovez has privately predicted that the bar-



Rebels bearing Chinese-made BM-12 shells

gaining could drag on. Summed up Noorani: "The important date is not the 15th of March; it's the 15th of May."

One major sticking point was a demand by Washington, voiced only two weeks ago, that any cutoff of U.S. military aid to the *mujahedin* must be matched by a "symmetrical cessation" of arms deliveries to the Afghan government by Moscow. Kozyrev contended that the Soviets have been providing military supplies to Afghanistan for decades and that any at-

tempt to end such assistance amounts to interference in Soviet affairs. Said the Soviet negotiator: "It would be like Moscow asking the U.S. to end its military aid for Pakistan."

But Washington pointed out that the U.S. is being asked to serve as a guarantor of the eventual treaty, a position that would be impossible if one Afghan side is permitted to continue receiving outside arms and the other is denied them. As if to underscore the importance of the "symmetry" issue, the U.S. has again increased arms shipments to the Afghan rebels, whose supplies had been running seriously low.

The other major unresolved issue is the future shape of Afghanistan's government. Pakistan, which serves as the exile home of more than 2.5 million Afghan refugees, believes the treaty must at least provide a "mechanism" for a transitional government. Said Noorani: "The refugees in Pakistan are not going to return home as long as the regime in power is the same one that is responsible for the deaths of 1.2 million Afghans." Afghanistan's chief negotiator, Foreign Minister Abdul Wakil, insists the matter is a purely Afghan affair and last week accused Pakistan of seeking "to push the talks into frostiness and stalemate." Washington is sympathetic to Pakistan's position but not inclined to let it stand in the way of a settlement. "We don't think we should miss an opportunity over this issue," said a State Department official in Washington. "The priority has to be for the Soviets to get out."

—By William R. Dorrer

Reported by Ricardo Chavez/Washington and
Ross H. Munro/Geneva

"Smash Everything!"

To mark the end of Tibet's annual grand prayer festival, crowds of russet-robed monks ritually parade a statue of the "future Buddha" around the courtyard of Lhasa's Jokhang Temple. This year Chinese officials approached that ceremony with trepidation. They feared a renewal of the violence of last October, in which thousands rioted against rule by Beijing, imposed upon morning, some 2,000 police lined the streets of Lhasa; others perched on rooftops or mingled with the throng of 25,000 pilgrims. But their presence did not intimidate.

Shortly after the procession got under way, hundreds of young monks began shouting nationalist slogans. They were quickly joined by thousands of sympathizers in the crowd. The protest escalated when rock-

throwing monks destroyed a Tibetan TV transmission van, and rioters shouting "Smash everything that belongs to the Communist Party and the Chinese!" overturned other vehicles. Fighting worsened after police and paramilitary forces stormed the temple, Tibet's holiest shrine. When calm was restored some twelve hours later, at least eight were dead.

The events awkwardly coincided with an official visit last week by Chinese Foreign Minister Wu Xueqian to Washington, where human rights violations in Tibet were already on the agenda. Wu told Secretary of State

George Shultz that China had done much to make amends for damage suffered by Tibetans during the Cultural Revolution of the late 1960s. Monasteries seized in those years have been reopened, and \$700,000 has been paid to the monks in compensation. Wu also noted that China and the U.S., which accepts China's claim to Tibet, "have a different conception of human rights."



Before the deluge: policemen move into position in Lhasa

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World

COLOMBIA

The Most Dangerous City

*Welcome to Medellín,
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In the outer office of the mayor of Medellín, a thickest bodyguard cradles a Remington pump shotgun in his arms. A revolver is shoved into the waistband of his trousers, and a two-way radio is recharging in a unit near his feet. Down the hall, only a whistle away, are more armed men. Outside city hall, a uniformed policeman shoulders an Israeli-manufactured Galil automatic rifle as he casts a careful eye on passersby.

Who said you can't fight city hall? For more than a decade, the drug barons of the Medellín cartel have been using murder and corruption in an attempt to cow or co-opt elected officials of this pleasant, bustling Colombian city of 2 million people and turn it into the world capital of the cocaine business. In the process, Medellín, known locally as the "city of eternal spring" for its mild mountain climate, has become the city of eternal violence. More than 3,000 people were murdered there last year, a homicide rate about five times as high as New York City's and most likely the world's steepest. In one 18-hour period at the beginning of February, Medellín police reported 13 killings. "It has other values not known to the world," says a defensive Mayor William Jaramillo Gómez. "But yes, as a result of drug trafficking we have to admit it is also a dangerous city."

Jaramillo, an outspoken critic of the cartel as well as of Washington's drug policies, leaves office this week to make way for the first freely elected mayor in the city's history. Some 12 million Colombians went to the polls on March 13 to elect the mayors of nearly 1,000 cities and towns. The exercise in democracy—until now the country's mayors have been appointed by Bogotá—is designed in part to give cities like Medellín new powers to fight such menaces as organized crime and drugs. Some feel that an administration with a direct



Down these mean streets: the homicide rate is about five times as high as New York City's

mandate to govern will find it easier to face these challenges than an outside appointee with no popular support. Yet many fear that decentralization of power will make cities even less governable than in the past. Nowhere are the concerns greater than in Medellín, where the cartel, a loose association of drug lords who control an estimated 80% of the cocaine entering the U.S., has long wielded lethal power.

So dangerous is Medellín that the U.S. consulate was closed in 1981 mainly for security reasons. The U.S. Drug

Enforcement Administration pulled its employees out in 1984, and two months ago the U.S. State Department issued a travel advisory warning Americans not to visit Medellín. Those who do come find a city in which past and potential violence are quite visible. Guards outside apartment blocks carry shotguns, police shoulder automatic weapons, and occasionally a pistol is glimpsed tucked into a civilian's waistband. Some of the drug barons maintain armories that include U.S.-made AR-15 automatic rifles and Israeli-made Uzis with silencers



Random search: police looking for evidence of drugs

"People are afraid, even in their own homes."

and infrared sights for shooting at night. Says Jaramillo, pointing out of his office window to the hills: "They could be taking aim at me from two miles away over there." A U.S. embassy official in Bogotá is more specific: "They will know you are there and what you are up to the minute you arrive," he warns a visitor.

Established in the 16th century by Spanish conquistadors looking for the fabled riches of El Dorado, Medellín has long been Colombia's main industrial center. On windless days, the skyline is smothered in smog, and a blue haze of pollution drifts upward into the Andes. Medellín-born Fernando Botero, probably Latin America's most renowned contemporary artist, captures the city's self-

assuredness in his exaggerated canvases of local life, several of which hang in the Medellín museum. The pinched mouths and tiny noses of Botero's overfed men and women suggest the provincial smugness of an entrepreneurial society that honors the self-made man.

That spirit found a new expression in the late 1970s when the cocaine business came to town. The coca plant, from which the substance is derived, grows best not in Colombia but in Bolivia and Peru, where the leaves are made into a rough paste. But turning the paste into the white powder that foreigners consume in such prodigious quantities requires laboratory facilities and technical skills. Medellín had them, as well as convenient proximity to the huge U.S. market and a work force willing to take risks. "There has always been an entrepreneurial spirit in this city," says Jaramillo. "These people found a way of controlling a big business with a growing demand in the U.S."

At first the arrival of the drug lords generated only mild concern. "They were getting rich off the gringos, an entirely respectable way for a Latin to accumulate wealth," says Maria Alves Osorio, a middle-class mother of three who is now alarmed at Medellín's lawlessness. "Our children weren't taking cocaine, so everything was fine." Many residents welcomed the money that drugs brought to the city and the jobs they created, however temporarily, in the construction and retail businesses. The old estates on the surrounding hills of El Poblado were replaced by luxurious red-brick apartment buildings topped with satellite dishes to enable tenants to watch *Miami Vice* and other U.S. programs. Shopping malls proliferated, and land values soared.

Pablo Escobar Gaviria, generally acknowledged to be head of the Mafia, as the cartel is known locally, became something of a local philanthropist, building a zoo, soccer fields and an entire suburb of low-cost houses that is still called Barrio Escobar. In the manner of feudal serfs, residents in Barrio Escobar refer to their benefactor with cap-doofing deference and slip the Spanish honorific Don in front of his name.

For all their money, the drug barons may have brought only a superficial prosperity to Medellín. "Their money hasn't created much employment because they haven't invested in productive infrastructure," says Juan Gómez Martínez, publisher of Medellín's biggest daily newspaper, *El Colombiano* (irc, 100,000), and a candidate for mayor. "They have spent a lot of money on imported luxuries," Escobar,



"Don" Pablo Escobar's bombed-out apartment building

bar, for example, is said to have imported gold-plated bathroom fittings for a penthouse he frequently used. His wife had more shoes in her closet, according to local lore, than Imelda Marcos. The penthouse was abandoned by the Escobars last January, after a car bomb blew the side off the six-story apartment building and wrecked neighboring houses.

While drug-related violence once touched mostly those in the business, no one is safe today. *Basuco*, a crude, habit-forming derivative of coca paste, was introduced into the local market by the cartel in 1984, when it had excess low-grade Colombian coca paste on its hands. Now there are thousands of addicts in the city, many of them knife-wielding street criminals who will kill for the price of a fix, less than a dollar. "Ten years ago you could stroll the city streets after dark," recalls Gómez. "That's suicidal now."

The city's 1,200-member police force is overwhelmed by the violence. Minor offenses like a traffic violation generally receive more attention than serious crimes because they are easier and safer to deal with. "The cartel cannot be tackled in Medellín alone," Jaramillo says. "It is a worldwide problem and one that is created by demand in the U.S. Why doesn't the U.S. tackle consumption and then stop things like U.S.-made guns

from reaching the cartel? Then we might get somewhere."

Five years ago there were 15 private security companies in Medellín, with perhaps 1,500 men on their payrolls. Now the city has 32 such firms employing 5,000 guards. Scores of new gun permits are issued weekly to private citizens. "People are afraid, even in their own homes," says the manager of the city's largest security concern, whose guards carry shotguns and pistols. "They are turning to us for help."

Sicarios, paid killers, will fulfill a contract on someone's life for as little as a few hundred dollars. The cartel uses *sicarios* frequently, though many murders have no apparent perpetrator or motive. Early last month, for instance, Jorge Antonio Restrepo Monslave, 29, a shop assistant with no known drug connections, was shot in the head outside his home by two attackers who took nothing from him. His murder was one of a dozen that day, none of which received more than a token investigation by police.

With all its wealth, the cartel need not stoop to violence to get its way. Up to 80% of the police force in Medellín is suspected of working for the Mafia. Last December the cartel was able to secure the release from a Bogotá jail

of Jorge Luis, a brother of Jorge Ochoa Vasquez's, a reputed drug billionaire whose sudden release from a Colombian prison last January infuriated the Reagan Administration.

Though their leaders are seldom seen on the streets, many of the hundreds of cartel employees—the hit men, the chemists and the so-called mules who transport the cocaine, among others—move about openly in Medellín. They can be spotted spending freely at the glitzy restaurants and nightclubs, some of which are said to be owned by the Mafia, on Las Palmas road. Young women in stone-washed jeans and high-heeled shoes often accompany the members of the drug-industry proletariat. On occasion the four-wheel-drive vehicles they favor cruise the streets in force. The cartel's thugs will sometimes clear a traffic jam by blowing away with their guns pointed in the air.


While many of the city's residents resent the presence of the drug lords, others have developed a grudging pride concerning their town's prominence—and a visible annoyance at recent U.S. attempts to have those responsible extradited to the U.S. One afternoon, as a foreigner got up to leave Medellín's Macarena bullring, someone in the crowd shouted, "Hey, you, what about extradition?" It was an unfriendly, almost chilling challenge. The crowd parted to allow the stranger through and then closed ranks around the man again—just as Medellín sometimes seems to shelter the wealthy cartel that has made the city the most dangerous in the world.

By John Barrett/Medellín




Mayor Jaramillo

How to test drive a pickle.



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World Notes



THE GULF Eighteen holes for \$10 million



SOVIET UNION Taxing bakers too



BRITAIN Royal skiers before the disaster

THE GULF

Talk About Sand Traps

One day in 1985, Stephen Trutch, an engineer employed by Dubai's royal family, caught the country's Defense Minister watching golf on television. "Why don't we have a golf course in Dubai?" asked Trutch. He was given the go-ahead, and last week (some \$10 million later) the Persian Gulf got its first grass golf course.

The Emirates Golf Club, with a clubhouse resembling a group of Bedouin tents, features quick-growing Buffalo grass imported from Georgia, four artificial lakes and countless natural sand traps. No one in the royal family actually plays golf. So Pakistani President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, a demon golfer, was invited to hit the maiden ball with a gold-inlaid golf club. After Zia managed a 240-yd. drive on his first swing, his hosts allowed him to keep the club and tossed in a solid gold tee.

NICARAGUA

Guerrillas Without Guns

With the U.S. Congress rejecting two versions of *contra* aid packages in the past six weeks, the Nicaraguan rebels have found themselves fighting with

their backs to the wall. Last week rebel leaders made two major decisions that reflected their desperation. First, they agreed to attend peace talks with the Sandinistas on March 21 in the Nicaraguan village of Sapoa. They thus dropped their once adamant demand that President Daniel Ortega Saavedra first institute internal reforms. The officials say they will probably have to withdraw half of the roughly 8,000 fighters from Nicaraguan territory by mid-April because of a lack of funds. "Obviously, we are going to the talks in a very weakened state," says a dismayed *contra* leader.

SOVIET UNION

A Capitalist Solution

From the Soviet viewpoint, the West is a seamy bastion of greedy capitalists and sleazy businessmen. But thanks to recent economic reforms, some of these unsavory characters are now turning up at home. Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev last week announced a Western-style remedy for dealing with the profiteers: a graduated income tax on private ventures.

While Soviet citizens have always paid a tax on their wages, the new levy will apply to income earned by members of some 9,000 legalized cooperatives that run independent businesses, from

bakeries and restaurants to auto-repair shops. Gorbachev charged that some cooperatives are "engaged in open moneygrubbing" but did not indicate the tax rates for the enterprises, which currently pay a flat 3%. Will tax shelters be next?

TREASURE

The Butler Found It

Lord Carnarvon, whose grandfather was the patron of the expedition that discovered the tomb of King Tutankhamen in Egypt's Valley of the Kings in 1922, thought he had taken a complete inventory of belongings in his family's Highclere Castle last July. Then a 75-year-old family butler helping him interjected, "Except for the Egyptian stuff, my lord." Thereupon he began revealing more than 300 ancient objects that had been hidden in secret cupboards and unused rooms of the castle for more than 70 years. Among the trove was a 3,200-year-old carved wooden face of Amenophis III.

Last week Lord Carnarvon announced that the treasures will go on public view at Highclere. Who squirreled them away? No one knows, but it seems that the sixth Earl Carnarvon, son of the man who entered Tut's tomb, was furious after he lost a lawsuit in 1924 against the Egyptian government for a half share of the

crypt's riches. Miffed, the aristocrat forbade any mention of Egypt.

BRITAIN

Close Call For Charles

A cloudless sky and a blanket of fresh powder greeted Prince Charles and five companions last week as they set off for an afternoon of skiing at Klosters, Charles' favorite Swiss resort. His wife Diana and their sister-in-law Sarah had returned to the chalet after a morning on the slopes. Though Swiss authorities had issued an avalanche warning for altitudes higher than 5,000 ft., Charles and the group rode the lift to 7,000 ft. As they prepared to schuss off the main trails, a wall of snow broke loose and roared toward the skiers. Charles and three others narrowly avoided the cascade, but two friends were buried in what Charles later described as a "whirling maelstrom."

Frantically digging through the snow, Charles and the others were too late to help Major Hugh Lindsay, 34; he died of suffocation. Patricia Palmer-Tomkinson suffered two broken legs. In a handwritten statement, Charles acknowledged the danger of their adventure: "We all accepted and always have done that the mountains have to be treated with the greatest respect."

Economy & Business

The so-called copycats are building an impressive record of innovation: a scientist examines Toshiba's new superconductor

Eyes on the Prize

Japan challenges America's reputation for creativity and innovation

The myth persists. Americans are naturally inventive and creative, while the Japanese are clever copiers. Neither imaginative nor inspired, the Japanese shamelessly borrow technological innovations from the U.S. and other nations and transform them into inexpensive household staples. Or so many Americans believe. Look at color-television sets, transistor radios and videocassette recorders, they say: all original American ideas appropriated by the Japanese.

The harsh truth is that if at one time the Japanese could be dismissed as mere imitators, that time is long gone. Not only have the Japanese built up an impressive record for creativity and innovation, but there is growing evidence that Americans may be losing some of their knack for developing and selling new products. A recent study done for the National Science Foundation that attempts to measure the quality of patented products and processes suggests that Japanese innovations may on average be more significant than those of their American rivals. Moreover, the Japanese are snaring a fast-growing share of all U.S. patents. Last year, for the

first time ever, the top three recipients of American patents were Japanese: Canon, Hitachi and Toshiba. General Electric, which had held the No. 1 spot for at least 25 years, until 1986, was in fourth place.

While the Japanese are in the forefront of the foreign charge on the U.S. patent office, they are not alone. Foreigners obtained 47% of American patents in fiscal year 1987, up from 34% in 1977. The Japanese led with 17,288 patents in 1987, a 25% increase over 1986. Last year the Japanese held 19% of all U.S. patents. In 1987 West Germany, led by Siemens, grabbed 8,030 patents, up 15% over 1986, and France received 2,990, up 19%.

Among individual companies, Japan's Canon, a manufacturer of cameras, printers and copiers, has been outstanding. In the past decade the firm has pushed its annual U.S. patent total from 158 to 887. During the same period, the annual number of patents issued to General Electric fell from 822 to 784.

"The numbers are real warnings," says Francis Narin, president of Computer Horizons, a consulting firm that did the patent study for the NSF. "We're in danger of losing our technological edge. We've

gone soft." Herbert Wamsley, executive director of the Intellectual Property Owners, a trade group representing inventors, agrees. Says he: "The level of patenting is a sign of corporate virility. This is yet one more indication that America's technological leadership is slipping."

Some executives dispute such interpretations of the Government data. GE argues that it would still rank as the patent leader if the Government had included patents granted to R.C.A., which GE acquired in 1986. Arno Penzias, vice president of research at AT&T Bell Laboratories and a Nobel laureate, says patents are not a reliable measure of basic research. Says he: "We have stuff in our labs that may not see the light of day for years. Because we haven't patented it, does that mean it's not worthy science?" Also, companies often decide against registering an important invention with the Patent Office in order to keep it secret. Once a product or process receives a patent, it becomes public knowledge.

Even so, the new NSF study cannot be dismissed lightly. In the first attempt to measure the quality of patents, Computer Horizons examined how often they were

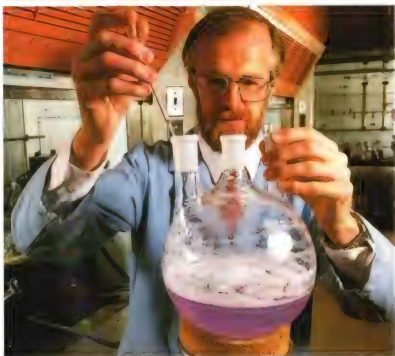
cited in applications filed by later inventors. The assumption of the study: when a patent is cited frequently, that means it has had a significant impact on subsequent research. By this standard, the Japanese come out ahead. In a ranking based on how often their patents are cited, Japanese inventors scored 26% higher than their American counterparts.

Important Japanese innovations cover a broad range of industries. A computerized automobile carburetor manufactured and patented by Nissan Motor was cited about 50 times in subsequent applications. Computer Horizons considers 50 follow-up citations an extraordinarily high number. Canon's patent for the optical disc, one form of which is the compact disc sold in record stores, was mentioned 56 times. An antibiotic developed by Takeda Chemical Industries earned more than 100 subsequent citations. Among recent advances, Hitachi has patented various processes for a higher-resolution TV, called IDTV, which produces a much sharper picture than conventional color TV. Some Japanese innovations, like floppy computer disks and Sony's Walkman, have already produced marked changes in the American life-style.

Critics of the NSF study argue that not every oft-cited patent will be commercially valuable. Carlos Kruttsch, head of the NSF Science Indicators Unit, admits that a patent may be cited in later applications because it represents an important historical precedent for future inventions but the original patent may never lead to anything that can be profitably produced. Patents are more important in businesses where technology moves relatively slowly, like the pharmaceutical industry, than in fast-changing fields such as electronics and computer science.

Nonetheless, few would deny that the Japanese have made great strides as inventors. One common explanation is that the Japanese government, largely through the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, spends enormous sums on research and development. But that is only part of the story. Surprisingly, 79% of the funds for Japanese R. and D. come from private companies. In total R.-and-D. expenditures for 1986, the U.S. outspent Japan \$119 billion to \$72 billion. But that was because more than 50% of American research was funded by the Government (notably the Pentagon) and by universities. Not surprisingly, American research is more frequently geared to military applications or purely scientific purposes, while the Japanese concentrate on work with commercial potential. One result is that the Japanese bring inventions to market more quickly than do their U.S. rivals.

The atmosphere at many Japanese research labs has changed in recent years and now fosters more inventiveness. Gone are the legions of men in dark suits and white shirts at Canon's research center, nestled in the hills of Atsugi, just outside Tokyo. Today re-



A General Electric scientist works on developing plastics for use in auto bodies

searchers sport jeans and T shirts, and no one wears a tie. This may seem superficial, but it symbolizes the greater freedom of inquiry, which is stimulating innovation. Says Yoshiaki Hajimoto, vice director of the center: "Surprised visitors often comment that this place seems too free." The ambience has contributed to Canon's remarkable success in developing computer printers. Three years ago Canon began producing a high-speed printer that can reproduce magazine-size color graphics in about three seconds. Canon's competitors have

only recently come up with anything comparable.

While Japanese companies have been working to destroy their lingering image as mere imitators, many American firms have steadily grown less innovative. Some U.S. executives pay so much attention to short-term, bottom-line results that they hesitate to make costly investments in new products that will only pay off in the long run. Says Patents and Trademarks Commissioner Donald Quigg: "Stockholders demand more and more immediate results, but research and development does not occur overnight." Rather than develop new product lines, many firms buy them by taking over other companies.

Even when American engineers and researchers come up with new ideas and technologies, their companies often fail to follow up. The genesis of the videocassette recorder is a classic case in point. The basic technology for the VCR was invented at a California-based company called Ampex and developed further at R.C.A. Yet it was two Japanese companies—Sony and JVC—that bought rights to the technology and modified it. After 10,000 patented improvements, they made the VCR an affordable household product.

No one, however, is counting the U.S. out in the innovation derby. If anything, the Japanese challenge has created a competition that should jolt the U.S. out of its complacency. The beneficiaries of this continuing battle for technological supremacy will be consumers worldwide.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Yukinori Ishikawa/Tokyo and Thomas McCarroll/New York



Caught in a Brier Patch of Changes

After reform, befuddled taxpayers cry out for help

For Susan Lee, a Manhattan tax preparer, the consequences of tax reform became strikingly clear during a consultation in her office. While helping a client with his return, she watched as the middle-aged artist became increasingly agitated. Hoping a break would calm him, Lee handed the man an article on tax reform and directed him to a chair in the corner of her office. But within minutes of returning to deskside, the client was gesturing so violently with his arms that he walloped a lamp, sending it headlong into a wall and shattering the bulb. Said a sympathetic Lee: "This is the worst tax year possible."

Welcome to the first stressful season of filing under the Tax Reform Act of 1986, a law that was widely expected to make the code not only fairer but simpler as well. Yet taxpayers now contemplating one of their least-favorite civic duties seem to be of one mind. "The new system stinks," said Angel Martinez, a retired Army jungle-warfare expert, as he emerged from an information session at an Internal Revenue Service taxpayer-assistance office in Brooklyn. "I went to college for three years, and now I can't even do my own taxes." The record keeping alone has overwhelmed Ariene Lind, a San Francisco psychologist: "I'm just going to staple the similar-colored papers together, let my accountant figure it out and hope he knows what he's doing."

The 1986 reform was designed to make the system more straightforward by eliminating most shelters and reducing the number of tax brackets from 14 to five for the 1987 tax year. For many of the 107 million U.S. taxpayers, reform has been a blessing. At least 2 million low-income citizens are no longer required to file at all. Moreover, the creation of a standard deduction and the raising of thresholds for medical expenses and other write-offs means that about 25% of the estimated 40 million taxpayers who itemize will be better off if they use the short forms instead. But for the remaining 30 million Americans who have any significant deductions, the tax-reform law is a brier patch of ambiguities: shifting rules and vanishing preferences. The tax code contains hundreds of changes this year, for which the IRS has published 48 new tax forms. At



The Barnards' adviser just gave up

least one new IRS release is a hit: Publication 920, which explains tax reform in layman's language. Copies requested so far: 17 million.

The blizzard of paperwork has sent millions more people than usual scurrying for tax help. Ordinarily, about 40% of all taxpayers require professional assistance. This year that figure is expected to reach 60%. Says Jack Brownrigg, an accountant in Honolulu: "I'm getting a flood of calls from people I never heard from before."

Proponents of tax reform contend that the confu-

sion will recede as taxpayers learn the new rules. "We are in the transition part," says Robert McIntyre of Citizens for Tax Justice, a Washington lobbying group. "The system will get simpler as things like consumer-interest deductions are phased out."

But all it takes to become perplexed is a look at the fine print. Perhaps the most dreaded new paperwork is Form 8598, a two-page work sheet that must be filed by some of the taxpayers who have taken out home-equity loans or refinanced their dwellings since August 1986. To determine their taxes, those homeowners must explain how they spent the proceeds, what the home originally cost, exactly how much was spent on improvements, and a host of other figures. Most contributions to individual retirement accounts have been eliminated as a deduction, but those who have put money in nondeductible IRAs must now tangle with the thorny Form 8606. Also newly infamous is Form 8582, on which taxpayers have to come to grips with the sharply reduced deductibility of their losses on tax-shelter

investments. What complicates those calculations is that by March 1 the IRS had issued only one-third of the regulations, a full 261 pages, for handling such losses.

Taxpayers will find other breaks disappearing too. Sales tax can no longer be written off. The deduction for interest on consumer borrowing, ranging from credit-card balances to auto loans, has been reduced from 100% in the past to 65% for 1987, 40% for 1988 and zero by 1991.

The accounting profession saw the turmoil coming and tried to prepare. Peat Marwick Main, a Big Eight firm, ran week-long seminars during 1987 for its 3,900 staffers. Yet even the experts are often stymied. One reason is that many rules remain up in the air: Congress is long overdue in passing a technical-corrections act to deal with more than 300 ambiguities and errors in the law.

Yet accountants and other tax preparers claim they are neither getting richer nor feeling especially powerful as a result of the daunting new rules. Grips Miami Accountant Brenda Stout: "I'm spending twice as much time to complete people's taxes, but there's no way we can double our fees. My rates are about 25% higher than last year, and like many others, I'm just eating the difference." Some have even given up, as did the



IRS phone assistants expect 22 million calls

tax preparer who was helping Bryn Barnard, a free-lance illustrator from New Jersey, and his wife Rebecca. Says Barnard: "He saw what was involved and decided he wants nothing to do with it."

The IRS is not always much help to either accountants or taxpayers. A survey by the General Accounting Office last year found that the agency's telephone assistants answered taxpayer queries incorrectly 21% of the time. The IRS was determined to do better this year, since it expects to help 22 million callers on its toll-free phone lines this season, up from 17 million in 1987. The agency, which has

invested 2.5 million hours in training its entire staff for tax reform, has increased its ranks of telephone assistants by 1,000, to 4,500. To determine whether correct information is going out, the IRS is making 20,000 anonymous calls in which common tax problems are posed to its assistants. So far the results are disappointing. After 5,000 calls, the error rate is 25%.

Yet in terms of processing returns, ironically, the IRS seems to be plowing resolutely through reform's storm. "So far, the filing season is one of the best that we have ever had," says Lawrence Gibbs,

the IRS commissioner. By early March 36.7 million returns had been filed, only 2.4% fewer than at the same time last year. The IRS is processing them at about the same rate as last year and mailing refunds, which average \$801, up from \$755 last year, in the usual three to four weeks after the filing. Perhaps most surprising is the decline in cheating. Gibbs believes the lower rates and closed loopholes will reduce the amount of evaded taxes—\$100 billion in 1987—to as little as \$80 billion this year.

—By Daniel Benjamin. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Wayne Svoboda/New York

Keeping the Pedal to the Metal

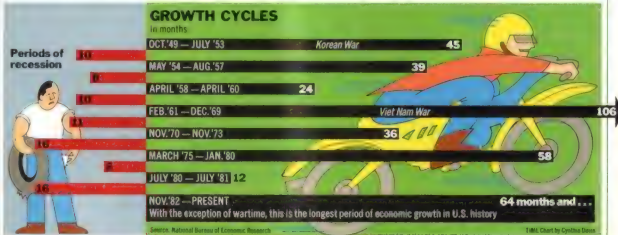
Economists ponder how the economy continues to hum along

Like a champion motorcycle racer, the U.S. economy has managed to keep going under the toughest of conditions. Now in its 65th month, the current period of growth is the longest peacetime expansion in U.S. history. By contrast, the typical expansion of the post-World War II era has lasted 24 to 45 months. Only during the 1960s, when Viet Nam War spending spurred the economy, did a growth cycle last longer—

ity buildup has been highly stimulative. Ordinarily, a deficit so large might lead to a steep rise in interest rates that would crimp the economy. But foreign investors and central banks have bought record amounts of U.S. securities, thus helping finance the deficit and keep interest rates under control. Explains Lester Thurow, dean of the Sloan School of Management at M.I.T.: "As long as the Government has the pedal to the metal and as long as

removal a few years ago of many Government controls on interest rates has enabled the Federal Reserve Board to moderate swings in the economy. By letting interest rates move up and down more freely, the Fed has kept the economy from either overheating or stalling. Instead of going into a classic recession, says Nakagawa, the economy has been pausing for short periods to catch its breath before moving to higher ground.

Edward Yardeni, director of economics at Prudential-Bache Securities, also sees an interruption of the business cycle, but for a different reason. Rather than an economy-wide downturn, he says, the



106 months—than the current one has.

The surprise about the present expansion has been its ability to survive one hazard after another. Even the worst stock-market crash in history, the 508-point drop in the Dow Jones industrial average last Oct. 19, failed to throw the economy off course. The expansion's resilience has prompted economists to ask some searching questions: What is keeping growth going? Is the traditional business cycle a thing of the past?

Ironically, one source of the continued health of the economy is the federal budget deficit. \$150 billion last year. By reducing taxes while increasing spending, the Reagan Administration has put money into consumers' pockets. And although the U.S. is fighting no wars, Reagan's mil-

foreigners are willing to supply the gas, the expansion will continue. It could last a long time.

In the past, expansions have been throttled down by severe inflation that led to long periods of high interest rates. In recent years, however, a combination of oil-price declines, corporate cost cutting and foreign competition has kept inflation at an unusually low level—an average of 3.1% from 1985 through 1987. The low-value dollar could lead to a new burst of inflation by driving up import prices, but so far the impact has been minimal.

Economist Sam Nakagawa, chairman of the Manhattan-based consulting firm Nakagawa & Wallace, suggests that the traditional business cycle may no longer be in operation. Reason: the re-

U.S. has been experiencing a "rolling recession" that has moved from one sector to another without halting overall growth. While agriculture, the oil business and heavy industries like steel have slumped in recent years, high-tech companies, financial services and fast-food outlets have thrived. Now retailers and stockbrokers may be facing hard times, but farming and manufacturing are recovering.

Nonetheless, three out of four members of the National Association of Business Economists predict that an old-fashioned recession will begin before the end of 1989. They believe the economy will eventually obey that basic law of Newtonian physics: what goes up must come down.

—By Rosemary Bynes. Reported by Bernard Baumohl/New York

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Business Notes



AUTOS Made in the U.S., off to Japan



AIRLINES A string of seven crashes has prompted a probe



ENERGY Saudi Arabia's Nazer

ENERGY

Crude Oil's Spring Flood

For oil-producing countries, a spring flood of crude can be devastating. The last one, in 1986, sent prices plunging below \$10 a bbl. This year another glut is surging forth, depressing prices of Persian Gulf crude from \$18 a bbl. in December to about \$13 currently. The causes: a warm winter in Europe and an increase in production among non-OPEC countries, ranging from Angola to Yemen.

But even those maverick producers seem ready to consider tightening their spigots. Last week in London, petroleum experts from non-OPEC countries met in an emergency session to discuss ways to mop up the glut. But OPEC is unlikely to follow suit. Saudi Arabia's Hisham Nazer and other oil ministers seem hesitant to discuss cutbacks, since some OPEC members flout existing quotas.

Despite the global oil glut, the U.S. could face a long-term domestic shortage. Last week it was disclosed that the U.S. Geological Survey has lowered by 40% its estimates of oil and natural gas that remain to be found in the U.S. The survey, criticized by some experts as too pessimistic, puts undiscovered crude-oil deposits at about 33 billion bbl. That figure does not include undiscovered oil under federal offshore sites, which has been estimated at 12

billion bbl. The undiscovered resources, if taken together with proved U.S. reserves of 27 billion bbl., is only enough to last an estimated 20 years at current production levels. The supply may expand, however, as new ways of finding and extracting oil are developed.

INVESTMENT BANKING

Stop! In the Name of Money

"In the highest civilization," wrote Emerson, "the book is still the highest delight." Well, not for Michael Milken, particularly since he is the book's subject. The controversial junk-bond financier reportedly offered to pay Writer Connie Bruck to give up work on her book about him and his investment firm, Drexel Burnham Lambert. "I do not want it to be done. Why don't we pay you for all the copies you would have sold—if you had written it," Milken suggested to Bruck after she began working on the project in 1986, according to an extract of the manuscript obtained by the Washington Post. The book, titled *The Predators Ball* after the nickname for Drexel's annual junk-bond convention, is scheduled for publication in June. While Drexel does not deny that Milken made the offer, a spokesman maintains that "we never tried to hinder the book from being written."

AUTOS

Driving Against The Traffic

When auto-carrying freighters from Japan finish unloading their cargo in U.S. ports, they typically steam back across the Pacific with empty holds or perhaps a load of live beef cattle. Reason: while Japan exported 2.2 million autos to America last year, the U.S. shipped a mere 4,006 autos in the other direction. That whopping imbalance showed a small sign of easing last week when Honda became the first Japanese automaker to send some of its U.S.-made autos back home for sale. The carmaker marked the occasion on a dock in Portland, Ore., where Republican Senator Bob Packwood and Honda's U.S. chief, Tetsuo Chino, drove the first auto in a load of 540 gray and white Accord coupes into the hold of the freighter *Green Bay*. Also put on board were 100 U.S.-made Honda motorcycles.

Honda maintains that the shipment of autos from its Marysville, Ohio, plant is more than a gesture to assuage protectionist sentiments in the U.S. Contends Chino: "It's a small, initial step for future big, big sales in Japan." Honda officials say they plan to ship 4,000 cars to Japan during 1988 and as many as 50,000 annually by 1991. Because the decline of the dollar has lowered U.S. production costs, the

autos can be sold in Japan at a competitive price. The Accords are outfitted with luxuries not found on Japanese models: spoilers, fancy wheel covers and leather interiors.

AIRLINES

Small Craft, High Anxiety

During the past few months, the skies have seemed increasingly treacherous for commuter planes. The craft, defined as capable of carrying up to 30 passengers, have been involved in seven crashes and 56 deaths since November. By comparison, during the period 1980-86 commuter airlines averaged only 26 fatalities a year. Last week T. Allan McArthur, chief of the Federal Aviation Administration, announced a six-month probe into what appears to be an ominous trend. FAA inspectors will single out the 20% of 173 U.S. carriers with the worst safety problems, then make in-depth field inspections of those airlines. One bit of suspicious evidence has already turned up: apparently the first indication of cocaine use by a commercial pilot who was involved in a fatal crash. The National Transportation Safety Board said it discovered traces of the drug in the blood and urine of Pilot Steve Silver, whose Continental Express commuter plane crashed in January near Durango, Colo., killing nine.

Press

Targeting the Waiting Room

A media maverick enrages publishers with an audacious new plan

Christopher Whittle likes to boast that his company specializes in "guerrilla media." Right now the management of many major U.S. magazines is inclined to agree with him. Whittle's Knoxville-based Whittle Communications is preparing to assault the publishing industry with an audacious plan that would effectively ban many of the country's most popular magazines from a high-profile setting: doctors' waiting rooms. What is more, the 40-year-old publisher is so sure of success that he has already proclaimed victory without firing a shot. Declares Whittle: "The battle is virtually over, and we took no prisoners."

Well, not quite. Scheduled to debut next fall, the so-called *Special Reports* will offer 15,000 family practitioners, gynecologists and pediatricians in 125 market areas six oversize glossy magazines that emphasize family, health, sports, life-style, personalities and fiction. The quarterly magazines will contain 30 full ad pages each and only 27 minutes' worth of editorial material, geared to the average time a patient spends in a doctor's waiting room. Each month a Whittle representative will visit subscribing waiting rooms to restock a specially designed wooden display rack (which is furnished by Whittle) with fresh copies.

In return, Whittle is asking doctors to pay an annual fee, probably between \$100 and \$200. It is not at all clear that doctors are interested. One large publishing company has begun sampling the profession, and is so far finding minimal interest in Whittle's scheme. As for the advertisers, they are being offered a large captive audience and a pledge of exclusivity: all six magazines will feature only a single brand in any product category. That would relieve an advertising problem known as clutter, when ads for competing products jostle one another for attention in the same publication.

All this might have passed relatively unnoticed were it not for another, unprecedented feature of Whittle's plan: as part of the deal, he is asking doctors to cancel their office subscriptions to all but two non-Whittle publications. Not surprisingly, publishers of the magazines Whittle seeks to displace are enraged by his project. "Whittle's plan is not far away from book burning," exclaims T. George Harris, editor of *American Health*, which of-

fers 100,000 subscriptions free of charge to doctors. "We aren't about to roll over," declares Kenneth Gordon, publisher of *Reader's Digest*. John Beni, president of Gruner + Jahr USA, publisher of *Parents* and *Expecting*, vows, "Magazine publishers will strike back."

Why such a fuss over doctors' offices?



Self-proclaimed victor: Whittle and a *Special Reports* display rack
"The battle is virtually over, and we took no prisoners."

Because few public arenas provide such a large captive audience. These page-flipping patients not only are counted in readership surveys used to determine advertising rates but often end up as subscribers. Losing such readers would be a severe blow to magazines like *Expecting* and *PEOPLE*, which find a substantial share of their audience in the waiting rooms.

Whittle, who along with former Partner Phillip Moffitt revived the founding *Esquire* magazine in the early 1980s, believes that publishers have taken this valuable market for granted. After parting ways with Moffitt in 1986, Whittle took over the ex-partnership's business, which specialized in targeting hard-to-reach audiences with information-oriented advertising. Among Whittle's most successful innovations have been poster-like wall magazines placed in schools, health clubs and doctors' offices throughout the U.S. While distributing these ma-

terials, Whittle's people noticed that in most waiting rooms, the newest magazines are the first to be pinched: the issues that are left are often out of date, torn and dog-eared. "That's where we started from," explains Whittle. "We thought we could solve the physician's problem as well as the consumer's."

But serving the reader, say critics, is the least of Whittle's concerns. Competitors charge that Whittle's publications are nonmagazines, nothing but bound "advertisorial"—editorial copy that is designed to promote the interests and products of advertisers. Many magazines, including *TIME*, accept this form of advertising, but the American Society of Magazine Editors' guidelines require it to be labeled as such and clearly distinguishable in its look from the editorial text. "Whittle's whole magazine is done for the client," says *American Health's* Harris. "In a regular magazine the advertorial is like an island." Whittle, of course, insists that the editorial and advertising sides of the new magazines will be separate.

Many publishers are ready to compete with Whittle, but they are incensed by his attempt to exclude their magazines. Several are threatening to sue. "Once Whittle ties up too many doctors, then he chokes the marketplace and can be challenged under the antitrust laws," says Attorney John Hadlock, who represents Gruner + Jahr. But Whittle insists that he is planning to enter only a small percentage of the country's more than 200,000 medical waiting rooms and dismisses the threats as "legal sword rattling."

Whittle refuses to divulge which advertisers have come on board so far, but giants Procter & Gamble and Warner-Lambert are said to be considering committing multimillion-dollar budgets to the new magazines. Spokesmen for the two companies deny that any contracts have been signed with Whittle, who predicts that he will sell \$37 million worth of advertising in the first year.

He will have a fight on his hands. A number of his competitors have indicated that they are developing special waiting-room plans of their own. One countermove Whittle anticipates is that publishers may start offering doctors complimentary subscriptions. If so, he is ready to supply his *Special Reports* at no charge as well. That is hardly the issue. In a profession in which six-figure incomes are the rule, the cost of magazines has never been a big item.

—By Laurence Zuckerman
Reported by Joyce Leviton/Knoxville and Martha Smilgis/New York

People

She is known to millions of Frenchmen as the girl who turns letters—and heads—on a hit TV game show. But **Annie Pujol**, 26, is no cookie cutout of **Vanna White**. The comely hostess of France's version of *Wheel of Fortune* (*La Roue de la Fortune*) has loftier ambitions. "I don't want to be a Barbie doll," says Pujol. "I'm trying to put across something different, something simple and natural that French audiences can identify with." Trouble is, Gallic indifference is all too natural for some of *La Roue*'s contestants. When an elderly couple recently won a round trip to America, they barely twitched a muscle in response. "They just stood there," says Pujol. "I felt like crying."



Vive la différence! Pujol posing on the set of France's answer to *Wheel of Fortune*

Who says you can't bring back the past? The Gipper returned to Notre Dame last week, and it was like old times—almost. **President Reagan** was on the South Bend, Ind., campus of the Fighting Irish to unveil the **Knute Rockne** commemorative stamp, honoring the college's legendary head coach. Reagan, who played Notre Dame Football Star **George Gipp** in the 1940 film *Knute Rockne—All American*, brought the crowd of 10,000 to its feet by paraphrasing Gipp's famous deathbed speech: "Some time when the team is up against it and the breaks are beating the boys, tell them to go out there with all they've got and win just one for the Gipper." Never mind that the President's tongue slipped and he said "the Gippet"—there was nothing wrong with his

throwing arm. As the crowd cheered wildly and time stood still, Ronald Reagan lobbed a football into the seats with all the old panache.



Steel: serious success story

Her 21 novels about lovers blown asunder by the harsh winds of history have made her one of the world's most successful authors, outselling even Horror Master **Stephen King** (85 million copies, vs. 65 million). But despite her prolific output, **Danielle Steel**, 39, whose *Kaleidoscope* is currently among the Top Ten, denies she is a fast writer. "My books come out every eight or nine months, yes," she says, "but it takes me two years to finish one. I work on several at once." What irks her most are the critics who dismiss her novels as literary junk food. Says Steel: "The bulk of the world doesn't want to be serious all the time. Stephen King

is no more likely to wake up tomorrow and write a biography of Madame Pompadour than I would write the story of Winston Churchill."

It doesn't have quite the resonance of HEADLESS BODY IN TOPILESS BAR, perhaps the New York *Post*'s most famous screamer, but what would you think of OUSTED OWNER OUTSMARTS FIELDS? When **Rupert Murdoch** threw in \$3 million of his own money to assure the paper's sale to Manhattan Developer **Peter Kalikow** last month, it was assumed that the Australian-born press lord had dealt himself out of any further connection with the 187-year-old tabloid. A federal law forbade him to own both the *Post* and a New York City TV station he wanted to keep as the starship of his Fox network. But three pages of the lengthy contract with Kalikow, it turns out, are devoted to an option for Murdoch to buy back the paper. Does that mean that Murdoch has just parked the paper with Kalikow? No one knows for sure, but within a year Congress may have revamped its cross-ownership law and enabled Murdoch to own both the *Post* and his TV station.

He recently became the first U.S. pitcher in 25 years to defeat the Cuban national team

on its own turf. Now **Jim Abbott**, 20, who plays for the University of Michigan, has scored another first. Last week Abbott, who was born without a right hand, received the Sullivan Award as outstanding amateur athlete of the year, the only baseball player ever to be so honored in the prize's 58-year history. "They picked the worst athlete up here," said Abbott as he accepted his trophy. "Baseball players usually don't get that much respect." This one deserves it. —By Gary D. Garcia



Abbott: winding up for '88



The Gipper at Notre Dame

Medicine



Controversial gurus of the American bedroom: the first couple of sexology last week after their stormy session with the press in New York City

An Outbreak of Sensationalism

In a new book on AIDS, Masters and Johnson stir up old fears—and plenty of fury



Most people think that fear should have no place in the cool, reasoned realm of medicine. But its presence, strengthened by prejudice and denial, has whipsawed the public response to AIDS—from early dismissal to doomsday and back again—ever since the epidemic began seven years ago. Last week, in a sensationalistic book guaranteed to punch panic buttons across the nation, Sex Therapists Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson triggered an uproar in the scientific community. Contrary to accepted wisdom and to all that is so far known by medicine, they claim the "AIDS virus is now running rampant in the heterosexual community" and can be transmitted through casual contact. Says Masters: "We are sounding an important warning. A lot of people think we are not in a serious situation. We think we are."

Together with Co-Author Dr. Robert Kolodny, who directed the research for *Crisis: Heterosexual Behavior in the Age of AIDS* (Grove Press), the first couple of sex treatment charge the government with

"benevolent deception" in downplaying the extent and nature of the epidemic. Among their assertions:

- ▶ At least 3 million Americans, twice the official estimate, are infected with the AIDS virus.

- ▶ The risk of catching AIDS from a transfusion is seven times as great as that admitted by blood banks.

- ▶ The AIDS virus—theoretically at least—can be transmitted via mosquito bites, French kissing, toilet seats—and by sliding into second base (if, by chance, an infected player has bled onto it).

Reaction from AIDS experts has ranged from "drivel" to "hogwash." U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop promptly called the work "irresponsible" and accused Masters and Johnson of "scare tactics." "There are no scientific data to support these alarming statements," warned Dr. Stephen Joseph, New York City's health commissioner. "They pile their statements, each holding a thin layer of established fact, on top of one another like slices of bologna." Many criticized the trio for first publishing their findings in a mass-market book, which

was excerpted last week in *Newsweek*, instead of in a scientific journal where their data would have been carefully scrutinized. A Chicago *Tribune* editorial blasted the "panic-peddling book," and the New York *Times* decried its "false alarms about AIDS." Callers seeking clarification jammed AIDS hot lines. Fumed Epidemiologist Andrew Moss of the University of California at San Francisco: "This is the AIDS equivalent of shouting 'Fire!' in a crowded theater."

Crucial to the argument set forth in *Crisis* is the authors' contention that at least 3 million Americans are infected with the AIDS virus. Masters and his associates arrived at that figure by a fairly straightforward calculation: If there are 50 to 100 symptomless carriers of the AIDS virus for every case of actual disease, as was first noted in 1985, and there were 45,000 cases of AIDS in the U.S. in late 1987, then one would now expect about 3,375,000 people ($75 \times 45,000$) to be infected with the virus.

Simple as it is, the arithmetic is also dead wrong. When the epidemic first got under way, there were few cases of AIDS

and the virus was spreading among a largely uninfected gay population; thus the ratio of carriers to cases was high, explains James Curran, director of the AIDS program at the federal Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta. Today, thanks to a widespread education campaign and safer sex, the rate of new infection among gays has dropped dramatically. But naturally the number of infected people who fall ill continues to rise. As a result, among gays, the ratio of carriers to cases is now 20 to 1. Says Curran: "As the epidemic ages, the ratio will get smaller."

For their study, the sex therapists re-

but 1 in 5,418. They derive that figure from the highly inflated statistic of 3 million AIDS virus carriers. Even then, it does not allow for the fact that 80% of the nation's 18.8 million blood units come from repeat donors, who have a much lower rate of infection.

The most misleading of the authors' assertions, however, fall in the chapter titled "Can You Catch AIDS from a Toilet Seat?" They accurately report that the risk of infection from a source other than sex, contaminated needles, blood or the womb is practically nil. But they proceed to describe in vivid detail how it might be "theo-

something will never happen. Even so, in a dozen studies conducted on some 500 people living with AIDS-infected relatives, not a single case of casual transmission has occurred, even though they shared toothbrushes, toilets, cups, plates, toys and bed linens. "They've created a straw man," says CDC's Curran. "Let them prove that it is true."

The current furor, says Bernie Zilbergeld, an Oakland psychologist and longtime critic of Masters and Johnson, stems from what he terms their "chronic inability to be precise." For example, he asks, how do they know that their 400 nonmo-

Four Dubious Claims from the Book



Transmission impossible: mosquito biting human victim; toilet seat in repose; couple kissing at sunset; baseball player sliding into base

cruited 800 people from churches, colleges and singles bars in New York City, Atlanta, St. Louis and Los Angeles. They found that only 1 of 400 people who had been monogamous for the past five years tested positive for AIDS antibodies. However, 6% of the group that reported at least six sex partners a year were infected. Masters, Johnson and Kolodny admit that their results "cannot be easily generalized" because those studied were not representative of the population at large. Despite this disclaimer, they conclude, "the AIDS virus has certainly established a beachhead in the ranks of heterosexuals, and... the rate of spread among heterosexuals will now begin to escalate at a frightening pace."

While there has not yet been a national study of the general prevalence of the virus, no large-scale studies support the *Crisis* contention. To the contrary. Since 1985 the Department of Defense has tested nearly 4 million military personnel and found a stable .15% rate of infection. About .2% of the 8.8 million blood donors screened each year by the American Red Cross are infected. "AIDS is making some encroachments into the heterosexual community," says Dr. Douglas Dieterich of New York University Medical Center. "But it is grossly exaggerated to claim that it is running rampant."

Similarly, the sex therapists argue that the chance of catching an AIDS infection from donated blood is not 1 in 40,000, as the blood-bank industry now claims,

retically possible" to contract AIDS from, among other things, contact lenses, a salad in a restaurant or instruments in a doctor's office. The farfetched examples are so memorable that the caveats are quickly forgotten. Worse, the therapists call for mandatory AIDS tests of all pregnant women, hospital patients between the ages of 15 and 60, convicted prostitutes and marriage-license applicants. Health officials have repeatedly said that such tests are not medically or economically worthwhile and risk driving the disease underground.

In their defense, the *Crisis* trio argue that it is up to the medical community to prove them wrong. As a practical matter, however, scientists cannot prove that

monogamous study subjects were not bisexuals or IV drug abusers? Epidemiologists long ago learned that people often admit to risky behavior only after they have been told they test positive. Yet Masters and Johnson did not extensively question their subjects about high-risk behavior.

"They could have done a great service by concentrating on present-day sexual habits rather than the epidemiology of AIDS," says New York's Joseph. "We need in-depth, scientifically obtained knowledge about sexual behavior these days." Studies have consistently shown that heterosexuals at high risk and their partners frequently resist practicing safer sex even though they know the consequences. Research by Masters and Johnson in their own area of expertise, he argues, could have produced effective ways to motivate the recalcitrant.

For now, the danger is that the furor will divert attention and resources from the real heterosexual epidemic—the one raging in the inner city among IV drug abusers, their sexual partners and children. The alarmist prophecies promoted in *Crisis* may discredit ongoing efforts to control the disease. "This plants the seeds of distrust in a group that the public should be able to look to for answers," argues Mervyn Silverman, former San Francisco public health director. Crying wolf, as Masters and Johnson have done, is no way to fight an epidemic. —By Christine Gorman.

Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles and Joyce Leviton/Atlanta



Surgeon General Koop: "Irresponsible"

Medicine

Just How Does AIDS Spread?

Amid all the confusion, some answers are beginning to emerge



First there was the news everybody wanted to hear: a New York physician writing in *Cosmopolitan* reassured women that there is practically no risk of contracting AIDS through ordinary vaginal or oral sex, even with an infected man. The vaginal secretions produced during sexual arousal, he wrote, keep the virus from penetrating the vaginal walls. His explanation: "Nature has arranged this so that sex will feel good and be good for you." Then came the news nobody wanted to hear: Sex Gurus William Masters and Virginia Johnson proclaimed in their new book about AIDS that "the epidemic has clearly broken out into the broader population" of heterosexuals, and that far more people are at great risk than previously thought. Even kissing, they declared, is not safe.

Who is to be believed?

If anything is clear about the AIDS epidemic, it is that anal sex among homosexual men and needle sharing among drug addicts are still the major ways the AIDS virus is transmitted in the U.S. American victims are still overwhelmingly male: 92%. And though there is no doubt that heterosexual intercourse between intravenous drug users or bisexual men and their lovers is contributing to the spread of the disease, the

number of AIDS cases traced to sex between men and women not in these high-risk groups is very low—about 4%—and has remained stable. But just what is the risk? How contagious is AIDS? What are the odds of picking up the virus from a single sex act if one's partner turns out to be infected?

There are no certain answers to these questions, and that is part of the problem: it is misleading, and perhaps even dangerous, to pretend that there are. The best advice, most AIDS experts agree, is to use condoms and cut down on the number of sex partners. Reason: promiscuity increases the likelihood of encountering the virus as well as other sexually transmitted

diseases that may increase susceptibility to AIDS. Some people have picked up the virus from a single sexual encounter, while others have escaped despite hundreds of sexual exposures to an infected spouse. No one knows why. The risk figures that Masters and Johnson offer—a 1-in-400 risk of a man transmitting the virus to a woman through an act of unprotected vaginal intercourse, and a 1-in-600 risk of a woman to a man—are supposedly based on a series of assumptions and statistical projections first described in 1987 by Nancy Padian and Jim Wiley of the University of California, Berkeley. The projections are already outmoded. Says Wiley: "A single number cannot describe the rate of transmission. There are too many variables."

And too many unknowns. Research is making it abundantly clear that people differ, often inexplicably, in their vulnerability to the virus and in their tendency to transmit it to others by various routes. An AIDS carrier's infectivity—his or her ability to pass the virus on—may vary over time. Only now are researchers beginning to understand these differences and their implications for preventing the spread of the disease.

Striking new research, published last week in the quarterly journal *AIDS Research and Human Retroviruses*, may help explain why some AIDS carriers can go on having unprotected sex for years without passing the virus to a regular partner. Although it is known that enough of the virus appears in the bloodstream shortly after infection to spread the disease via blood transfusions, sexual transmission is a different matter. The new study, of 24 hemophiliac AIDS carriers, shows that despite repeated sexual contact without condoms, the wives or steady female partners of these men generally remained free of the virus for several years. But when signs of severe immune deficiency began to appear in the men, four of the women became infected.

Although they may have finally contracted the virus simply because of repeated exposure, researchers doubt it. Had that been the case, the women who became infected should have been those who had had sex most often. But frequency of intercourse did not seem to matter. Says Researcher James Goedert of the National Cancer Institute: "The study demonstrates that the infected population gets more infectious as time passes, and that the level of risk increases as time goes on." That led Goedert and his colleagues to speculate that early treatment with AZT, the only approved anti-AIDS drug known to inhibit replication of the virus, may actually make AIDS less contagious. "That's among the most urgent questions we have to answer," says Samuel Broder, director of clinical oncology at the National Cancer Institute.

A study published earlier this year



Unit of whole blood ready for transfusion; addict injecting drug into her neck



PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* offered other explanations for why some people become infected after sexual exposure and others do not. Of 25 husbands and 55 wives of patients who acquired the virus from blood transfusions, only two husbands and ten wives became infected in more than two years. None of the couples used condoms. Although a higher proportion of wives than husbands contracted the virus, the difference was not considered statistically significant.

Similarly, there were no differences in practices such as oral sex and French kissing among the couples; nor did it seem to matter how often they had intercourse. One wife became infected after only one exposure, and another after just eight. Yet eleven women remained uninfected after more than 200 sexual contacts. The researchers speculate that the originally infected spouses may have somehow differed in their ability to transmit the virus. Another possibility: their husbands and wives may have differed in susceptibility.

The *J.A.M.A.* study's failure to indict specific sexual practices supports laboratory findings that suggest, contrary to Masters and Johnson, that "deep" kissing is safe. The AIDS virus is present in saliva at extremely low levels or not at all. Saliva is a hostile environment for the AIDS virus, explains Jay Levy of the University of California at San Francisco. It will kill half the viruses exposed to it within 30 minutes. Scientists are also skeptical about the danger of oral sex. But that risk is practically impossible to measure because most couples who engage in oral sex also have intercourse, and there is no way to analyze the risks separately.

None of this is to say that the risk of transmitting AIDS through heterosexual intercourse is not a serious one. Exactly how the virus is passed along, though, is still murky. Many researchers strongly suspect that an infected man can more easily pass the virus to a female sexual partner than vice versa. Certainly more women have got the disease from men than men from women: women make up 75% of those who have contracted AIDS through heterosexual intercourse. Researchers have speculated that the virus is more concentrated in semen than in vaginal secretions and that the mucous membranes lining the vagina are especially vulnerable to penetration by the virus.

Dr. Neal Steigbigel, chief of infectious disease at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, thinks male-to-female transmission is bound to occur more often simply because of the mechanics of vaginal intercourse. Harvard Virologist Martin Hirsch, however, notes that herpes and syphilis appear to travel equally well in either direction between the sexes. Hirsch thinks the only reason more women have contracted the AIDS virus from men than the other way around is that many more men now have the disease. As more women become carriers, he suspects, they will infect their partners. "There is no doubt,"



Prevention measures: condoms in Minnesota; Chicago couple being screened for AIDS

immune systems may be more vulnerable to the AIDS virus.

If there is any American parallel to the African experience, it may be developing in some inner cities, where drug addiction and prostitution are inextricably linked to AIDS, where pregnancies among teenagers have become commonplace and where educational programs about safe sex either do not reach their intended audience or cannot cross cultural barriers. In January an article in the *New England Journal of Medicine* revealed a surprisingly high, 5.2% rate of AIDS virus infection among 4,028 patients attending clinics for sexually transmitted diseases in Baltimore. Most of the patients were black, and their infection rate was notably higher than the rate among whites. Intravenous drug abuse and sexual contact with a drug addict were important risk factors. So too was a history of syphilis in men and virally caused genital warts in women; both venereal problems can cause breaks in the lining of the genital tract that may make it easier for the virus to enter.

The Baltimore researchers were disturbed to find that one-third of the men carrying the AIDS virus and nearly half the women had no idea that they had engaged in any behavior that put them at risk. The proposed solutions: more AIDS screening and personal counseling at clinics for sexually transmitted diseases, greater efforts to eradicate syphilis and other diseases that lead to genital ulcers, and more education about safe sex and the dangers of drug abuse. With AIDS, there will be no quick fixes or startling innovations, just the desperate, backbreaking efforts required to persuade people to make small but vital changes that may save their lives.

—By Denise Grady,
Reported by Joyce Leviton/Atlanta and Suzanne Wymelenberg/Boston



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Education



Days of silent rage: striking students at Gallaudet protest the hiring of Zinser, inset

"This Is the Selma of the Deaf"

A school protest becomes a forum for a newly assertive minority

The U.S. capital takes all manner of demonstrations in its daily stride. But the young people who descended on the White House last week taught the city something new about protests. They marched in silence, communicating with one another in sign language, their faces and bodies contorted with frantic energy as they sought to convey the emotional content of their message. They were students from Washington's Gallaudet University, the nation's only liberal arts college for the deaf. Their message, in the words of Student Rebekah Hammer: "Prejudice is believing that hearing people have to take care of deaf people."

A hearing person was the cause of this silent but agitated campus protest, which soon mushroomed into a national debate over the civil rights of the deaf. Gallaudet's board of trustees had set the spark by ignoring months of intense pressure to choose a deaf person as the 124-year-old college's seventh president. Instead, the trustees chose Elisabeth Ann Zinser, 48, vice chancellor for academic affairs at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, who is not only sound of hearing but is also unable to communicate in sign language and has no experience in education for the deaf. The situation was further inflamed when Board Chairwoman Jane Bassett Spilman was reported to have remarked that "deaf people are not ready to function in a hearing world." (Later she insisted that the comment had been misunderstood.)

The students erupted in silent rage, flooding into the streets of Washington

and shutting down classes all week. Most of Gallaudet's 2,200 students joined in demands for both Zinser's and Spilman's resignations, and the two women were hanged in effigy. There were also calls for a new board, with a majority of hearing-impaired members, to replace the present 21-member body, which has only four deaf members.

Suddenly the students were receiving support from deaf people across the U.S. The reason is that this 100-acre campus, only a mile northeast of Capitol Hill, is a

Mecca for the hearing impaired. Since it was founded by an Act of Congress in 1864, Gallaudet has become one of the world's foremost training centers for the deaf. And yet it has never had a hearing-impaired president—the result, say students and staff, of paternalistic attitudes by a hearing world that perpetuates the myth that deaf people cannot function on their own. Comparing today's demands by deaf people with the black civil rights struggle in Alabama 23 years ago, Gallaudet Graduate Student Kathy Karcher declared, "This is the Selma of the deaf."

At first Zinser took a tough stance, announcing that "I am in charge." As the protest mounted, her mood moderated. "I didn't know we would have this level of conflict," she told TIME. Her position was weakened when she was urged to consider stepping down by Democratic Congressman David E. Bonior of Michigan, a member of Gallaudet's board who had favored hiring a deaf president. If Zinser stayed on, Bonior warned, Congress might be reluctant to increase the school's \$76 million annual budget, three-quarters of which comes from the Federal Government.

Every politician in Washington, it seemed, wanted to be counted among supporters of the protesters. Seven House members sent Spilman a letter expressing their concern. Presidential contenders from George Bush to Jesse Jackson to Paul Simon weighed in with support for the naming of a deaf college president.

Faced with such opposition, Zinser resigned. Her decision, she said, was based on the "groundswell of concern for the civil rights of deaf persons." The board is now expected to pick a hearing-impaired president. The voice of the deaf was clearly heard—and heeded.

By David Brand

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington

Solving the Puzzle

About 350 years ago, a French amateur mathematician named Pierre de Fermat scratched a devilishly tricky problem in the margin of a Greek mathematical text. Then he added, "I have discovered a truly remarkable proof [of the theorem], which this margin is too small to contain." Did he really have the answer?

The attempts of generations of scientists to find out have made Fermat's Last Theorem the El Dorado of math problems. Now, at long last, an assistant professor at Tokyo Metropolitan University seems to have broken the code. Last month at Bonn's Max Planck Insti-

tute, Yoichi Miyaoka, 38, sketched out his answer on a blackboard for fellow mathematicians.

Since before Euclid's time it has been known that in the equation $A^n + B^n = C^n$, if A and B are whole numbers, then C can also be a whole number—for example, $5^2 + 12^2 = 13^2$. Fermat postulated that if the same equation is taken to a power higher than 2, such as $A^3 + B^3 = C^3$, then

C can never be a whole number. Miyaoka has apparently found out why by using an esoteric branch of mathematics called arithmetic geometry. Scientists are now awaiting the first draft of his manuscript. If it checks out, the Frenchman's infuriating puzzle will finally be solved.



Pierre de Fermat



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Sport

A Place for Bright Starts

Despite the plastic grass, the Grapefruit League still has charms

Something disturbing is going on in Florida. Parodying the rest of the map, ambitious little villages are swiping one another's ball clubs. Just this spring the Cincinnati Reds have moved from Tampa to Plant City, the New York Mets from St. Petersburg to Port St. Lucie and the Kansas City Royals from Fort Myers to an amusement park in Haines City once known as Circus World and now identified as Boardwalk & Baseball.

A Ferris wheel peeks over the roof into the stadium, and a roller coaster screams by third base. Though the infield grass is plastic, the place is handsome. "Almost too nice," says the pitcher Bret Saberhagen. "It doesn't feel like spring training." In the name of civic pride and the interest of land development, tin and wood are being traded everywhere for aluminum and concrete.

A particularly unsettling development has the sister cities of St. Pete and Tampa at each other's wryneck throats. Bucking nature and tradition, both have been bidding for full-time baseball, either an expansion team or a carpetbagger. Tampa has gone so far as to draw up blueprints for a domed stadium. St. Pete has gone much further: the skeleton of its dome has already been assembled on the former site of a gas plant (prompting a Tampa editorial cartoonist to depict the players and fans in gas masks). The state is growing, and Floridians no longer believe it to be in the proper order of things that they restrict their diet to grapefruit.

Even in baseball, change is unavoidable. Pam Postema, for example, is getting a tryout this spring as the National

League's first female umpire. But in the 100 years since baseball teams first came South, alterations have seemed slight. The late writer Francis Stann of the late newspaper the Washington *Star* once asked the failing Babe Ruth in his camel-hair coat what he remembered about Al Lang Stadium in St. Pete. Motioning toward an old hotel a full city block beyond the right-field fence, Ruth rasped, "The day I hit the West Coast Inn." "Wow!" said Stann. "Pretty good bet." "But don't forget," Ruth added, "the park was a block back toward this way then."

Spring training has never been a place for precise memories or exact measurements. The Boston pitcher Roger Clemens and the Montreal outfielder Tim Lincecum demonstrated again last season that the exercise is essentially a mental one for the fans. After finances kept them from spring training in 1987, Clemens still won 20 games and the Cy Young Award, while Raines hit .330 with a four-for-five debut that included a grand-slam home run. Maybe Florida has forgotten that it is a state of mind.

"How could they ever find anything better than this?" says Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson, who is sitting outside an enclosed batting cage enjoying the sound of ash and cowhide and the sight of veterans Darrell Evans and Alan Trammell gathering scattered baseballs, like mushrooms, to reload Iron Mike. The pitching machine is run by Coach Billy Conzolo. Anderson's best childhood friend, the boy who 40 years ago in Los Angeles helped him steal all of Trumpeter Harry James' baseball equipment.

"Hey Billy," the manager calls conspiratorially into the cage. "did Harry James have equipment?"

"Oh God," comes a young-old voice from inside.

"Once we spotted it, he didn't have any," whispers Anderson, who made partial restitution years later by giving James a Cincinnati windbreaker and a good laugh.

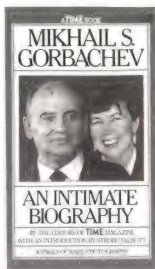
"I used to manage the Reds," Anderson informed two Soviet scouts who came to Lakeland a couple of weeks ago to solicit fundamentals. "It's a bad soldier who doesn't dream to be a general," said Alexander Ardatov, coach of the Soviets' budding national team. "Right," Sparky told him, "and if you can hit, you can play."

So there is still charm in Florida. Like the little girl singing the opening-day anthem at Port St. Lucie with a finger jammed in each ear, and Miss Clearwater presiding over the Phillies' inaugural in her sash and tiara; and Bobby Bonds' son Barry, a young outfielder for the Pirates, remarking in the dugout, "I liked most of my father's teams: the Cards, Yanks, Angels, White Sox, Rangers, Cubs, Giants—no Cleveland." And the real-life pitcher Jack Armstrong, who like his namesake from the 1930s radio series seems to incarnate the all-American boy.

A 6-ft. 5-in. righthanded fast-baller (wearing a CAN'T MISS tag), Armstrong arrived at the Reds' camp this spring full of enthusiasm and good deeds. "I've waited 22 years for an opportunity to pitch in the major leagues," he says, meaning he must have been contemplating it at the age of one. "He'd run through that wall if you asked him to," smiles Manager Pete Rose, who has finished running through walls himself. But Jack Armstrong will probably begin the season in the minors, in some small and scruffy place appropriate to bright starts.

—By Tom Callahan

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Milestones

SETTLEMENT REVEALED. Of lawsuits brought by the families of four victims of the 1986 *Challenger* tragedy against the Federal Government and Morton Thiokol, manufacturer of the shuttle's defective solid rocket boosters. A total of \$7.7 million in tax-free annuities will go to the survivors of Astronauts **Francis Scobee** and **Ellison Onizuka**, Payload Specialist **Gregory Jarvis** and Schoolteacher **Christa McAuliffe**, who had planned to teach from space. Suits brought by relatives of Crew Members Judith Resnik and Ronald McNair were settled previously; one by the family of *Challenger* Pilot Michael Smith is still pending.

CONVICTED. Rod Matthews, 15, of second-degree murder for the 1986 thrill killing of Shaun Ouilette, 14, a high school classmate; in Dedham, Mass. Matthews, who told friends he wanted to "kill someone to see what it feels like," lured Ouilette into the woods and bludgeoned him with a baseball bat. He then led two other teenagers to the scene to show them the body. Although he received a mandatory life sentence, he will be eligible for parole in 15 years.

DIED. Andy Gibb, 30, Australian-born pop singer who followed his older brothers, the Bee Gees, to stardom with such hits as *Shadow Dancing*, *Love Is Thicker Than Water* and *An Everlasting Love*; of a viral-related inflammation of the heart; in Oxford, England. Gibb won two Grammy nominations and starred in a Broadway musical, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. But his solo career faltered in the mid-1980s, when he admitted to a serious cocaine addiction.

DIED. Harris Glenn Milstead, 42, the freaky 370-lb. gender-bending actor known as **Divine**, who camped and vamped through such low-budget cult films as *Pink Flamingos*, *Polyester*, *Lust in the Dust* and *Hairspray*; of heart disease; in Los Angeles. Divine regarded himself as an actor who played women's parts rather than as a transvestite. His relentlessly outrageous performances attracted thousands of screaming admirers, but to Director John Waters, Divine was the "best actor I've ever worked with... a kind and gentle man."

DIED. Glenn Cunningham, 78, America's ranking middle-distance runner during the 1930s; near Menifee, Ark. Severely burned in a schoolroom fire in 1917, Cunningham took up running as therapy. He set a world record for the mile of 4 min. 6.7 sec. in 1934. Two years later he won a silver medal at the Berlin Olympics. The father of twelve children, he cared over the years for 9,000 troubled or orphaned children at his Kansas ranch. Three weeks ago he made his final track appearance, at a Madison Square Garden ceremony, passing the baton to former Olympic Runner Abel Kiviat, 95.

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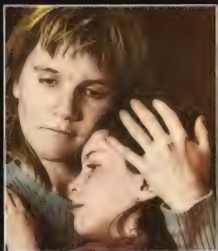
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Show Business

Stranger in a Strange Land

Puppet or alien, NBC's ALF is an intergalactic star

Yo, Skip! Yo, Rhonda!

I don't know if this radioeast will reach you guys way out there in your spaceship, but I really miss you. You're still the only other beings from Melmac who I know survived when the planet blew up. A lot of amazing things have happened to your old buddy Gordo since you last heard my signal, soon after I crash-landed through the Tanner family's garage roof and decided to stay here in sunny California. There are drawbacks: this place earth is so outsville you can't buy a whisker omelet or a tabby-paw pie. Here, when people stroke cats, they aren't even trying to get the meat tender for sautéing. Yet they eat armored slugs that they call escargots! And they never heard of sloppy joes with fiber glass.

But who am I to complain? Under my new name ALF—for Alien Life Form—I'm now a bigger star than Alpha Centauri. My half hour on Monday nights on the NBC-TV network sometimes hits the Top Ten in the Nielsen ratings (just like ours, except recorded electronically instead of with marshmallows and thumbtacks) and is playing in about 50 countries. The show is the story of my life in a typical suburban household—working dad, nonworking mom, teenage daughter just out of braces, chirpy son who dresses up as a vegetable for the school play, and yours truly, the alien who has to hide in the laundry room when anyone comes to call. My Saturday-morning cartoon reminiscences about Melmac have become one of the three most popular TV shows for children. A movie about my journey from Melmac to earth is planned for later this year.

The biggest bucks (twernicks to you) come from marketing. Toymakers and schlockmeisters are peddling me via 250 items with total sales above \$200 million. There are storytelling dolls, skateboards, backpacks, comic books, coffee mugs, party hats, and chewing gum complete with cards for bouillabaisse—that's right, I'm introducing our old national pastime, fish and all. My favorite item is a T shirt showing me in X-ray glasses saying to passersby, "Hey, nice underwear." Haaaah! I kill me! All in all, I am the busiest long-shnozzed, four-



ALF at table: Where are the whisker omelets? The tabby-paw pies?

toothed, 3-ft. 2-in. creature with burnt-siena fur anywhere on earth. Of course, there aren't many talking life forms here that look like me. I am continually being mistaken for an anteater, a dwarf orangutan or an aardvark, which on Melmac we encountered only in crossword puzzles.

Part of the reason for this mistaken identity is that my very existence has to remain a secret to keep the government scientists off my case. I have managed it through a brilliant scam: practically everyone thinks I'm a puppet! Sustaining this conspiracy takes a few collaborators. My main partner is a onetime comic magician named Paul Fusco. He actually claims to have invented me. Sure, he talks like me, laughs like me, jokes like me, even sort of looks like me. But I'm 230 years old and he's 35, barely old enough to

have a bar catzvah back home. Also important is Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment, who admits I am a personal favorite. We keep everyone off the set, supposedly to maintain the illusion that I'm real but actually to maintain the illusion that I'm an illusion. This reporter from TIME there it's a magazine, not a dental drill! called Tartikoff to kvetch about that, so he agreed to describe the set: "There are all these holes for the uh, er, puppet. Holes in the couch, holes in the bed, holes in the floor. Trapdoors everywhere. It looks like a family of gophers live there." Together, we've concocted this great cover story. Supposedly Fusco came to pitch the idea of an alien moving in on a nice, normal family and driving them crazy with his rudeness and irresponsibility—whaddaya want, we had

to spice it up, it's entertainment—and the NBC guys were nodding off because the idea was too, like, subtle for them. So Fusco reached into a green plastic trash bag, pulled me out, made me sneeze, and I wiped my nose on Tartikoff's sleeve. Haaaah! He loved it! Well, I guess you can tell, we actually didn't make that part up. Or the trash bag.

The indignities never stop. At the Tanners', I sleep in the garage or the laundry room. At NBC, I share my dressing room with a mop and bucket. The one saving grace to this abuse is that it helps fool even the cast into



With the Tanners: Willie (Max Wright) and Kate (Anne Schedeen)

Working dad, nonworking mom and a 230-year-old pet in laundry room.

thinking I really am a puppet, including Anne Schedeen, who plays the real-life Kate Tanner, and the guy who plays Willie, this dithery product of Hesitation School named Max Wright. He must have mastered the Dramatic Pause (wake me up at half time!) during his years on the stage at places like Yale and Harvard, schools as prestigious as Podunk and Dingaling on Melmac. Listen to him drivel: "There are moments when ALF's reality is so overwhelming, you have to catch your breath. He picked up a lingerie catalog one day, and you could see his blood changing, his temperature going up. How did he do that? ALF has eyes of stone, literally cold black eyes, and sometimes, whether they catch the light or not, they warm just like a person's eyes." Do I have the man in knots or what?

I am still an instigator. If I fall in love with a show called *Gilligan's Island*, I'll turn the Tanners' backyard into a lagoon. If I don't like the President's policy on nuclear arms, I'll phone him on Air Force One and explain how we incinerated Melmac. Still the same old me: no moral compass, no sense of proportion, no fear. I still break things a lot too. I learned the hard way that you can't smoke fish in a toaster, puree a rock in a blender or light an oven an hour after you turn on the gas. I even accidentally scared an old man to death and discovered that makes earthlings sad instead of happy for the guy that he'll never be late to work again.

People are full of theories about my popularity. Some compare me to Rocky and Bullwinkle—you remember, the plucky squirrel and the jug-eared moose—or some klutz named Mork from Ork, because these bozos seemed to be entertaining children while really offering sophisticated satire of politics and pop culture. One notion is that because I am a shut-in, to stay hidden, and learn everything I know about the world from TV. I constitute some sort of commentary on what children learn from watching the box. Another idea is that I am sort of a metaphorical child myself, but treated more honestly than these sentimental earthlings would treat anyone without fur. Emotionally, they say, I am like a gifted eight-year-old, inclined to get into trouble because I am smart and energetic, even if my intentions are good. The people who push this idea say that in about half the shows I am bored, frustrated or hurt and trying to run away from home, something children do here a lot. Remember how on Melmac it was always parents who wanted to run away—at least at my house?

Some see me as cuddly like a dog, others with more sense recognize I am bringing insult comedy back to TV for a world that loves nicknames and invective. Fusco goes Freudian and bumbles like this: "I think we all need magic and fantasy in our lives. ALF brings out the little girl or boy in people. He touches something inside you that you can go back to and remember." Sure—blind fear of the dark! Haaaah! I still kill me.

—By William A. Henry III

Reported by Denise Warrell/Los Angeles

Living

Scarves and Minds

Kaffiyehs from the Middle East warm up March winds

The pronunciation is tricky. So are the provenance and political implication of the scarf on sale from sidewalk vendors all over the East Coast. Say ka-fee-a, and the sound will be right. Wear the large, brightly checked square of cotton around the neck, shawl style over the shoulders or wrapped around the head, and the look will be perfect 1988 American street style. It is also what millions of Americans see on their TV screens practically every

now, and the scarf became a garment of choice among the political protesters and antimissile advocates of the '70s and early '80s. Fashion, of course, mutes political reverberation. With time the kaffiyeh became politically neutral and lost some of its freshness. But the current televised spectacle of kaffiyeh-wearing rebels playing hob with the Israeli army gives the scarves an odd, often ironic resonance when they are worn in the West. Visual



Wrapping up checkerboard style in New York City, Washington and Chicago

night, worn by Palestinians defying Israeli soldiers in the occupied territories.

There are indications that the kaffiyeh style, now competing with running shoes as hot dress-down items in New York City and Washington, is spreading ever westward. When Herman Ruether, interim director of the Chicago-based Palestine Human Rights Campaign, heard that the kaffiyeh was becoming fashionable, he said, "I started talking to people at random." The results of Ruether's informal poll: only three out of ten people cited politics as their reason for wearing the scarf. He adds, however, that during the most recent episodes of violence in Israeli-occupied areas, his office received a large number of calls from Americans sympathetic to the Palestinian cause inquiring where kaffiyehs could be bought.

Long a staple of the Middle East tourist trade and a basic component of wardrobe in the Levant, the kaffiyeh came to the U.S. via Europe, where, in all its checkered permutations (black, blue, green, red or purple on white), it is almost as ubiquitous among the young as fatigue jackets. Yasser Arafat has worn a kaffiyeh, usually with army duds, for 20 years

continuity suggests a political solidarity that usually comes as a big surprise to the Western wearer. "It's just an accessory," says Kenneth Kaiser, a Boston retail-clothing-store manager. "The ethnic type of look is in right now." "The idea that it's political is ridiculous," says New York City Artist Steven Charny. Comments Mordechai Levy, head of the Jewish Defense Organization in New York City: "Now there are so many, they are just like any other scarf."

Certain practical home-turf applications of the kaffiyeh, like wrapping it as a mask around the face during guerrilla actions, are not yet widely attempted Stateside. But Ruether suggests that heavy sales of the scarves, mostly made in Jordan, Syria and the West Bank, could be a small economic boon to the Palestinians. Such social considerations still take a backseat to fashion. "Hey," says Gene Bursage, 19, of Brooklyn, who has worn his scarf every day, and in every temperature, since he bought it last November. "It's a scarf, that's what it is, that's all it is. What did you say it was called again?"

—By Jay Cocks

Reported by Nina Burleigh/Chicago and Jeanne Ralston/New York

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Music

Only Poetry Played Here

Roger Norrington leads a bold "Berlioz Experience" in London

Roger Norrington is preparing to leap into the air.

"Danger here!" he shouts.

Like an airplane gaining altitude, the prominent nose tilts skyward; the hands beat the air in preparation for flight.

"Too soon!" he cries.

Up goes the monk's balding pate, the scholar's red beard, the halfback's broad shoulders.

"Swing it!" he exhorts.

With a radiant look of joy creasing his face, the conductor breaks the bonds of gravity.

"Dance!" he commands.

And, as one, fourscore of London's best musicians waltz deliriously.

It was an animated diorama of 1830s concert life, a full panoply of period instruments thrillingly revived under the banner of musical authenticity. Assembled on the stage of London's Queen Elizabeth Hall last week were ranks of gut-stringed violins, wooden flutes, valveless horns, leather-headed kettledrums and even a pair of ophicleides (bass keyed bugles since supplanted by tubas). Standing before them, feet on the ground but soul in the sky, was Norrington, at 54 newly emergent as a formidable leader in the early-music movement.

This was not the well-trod turf of Bach, Mozart or even Beethoven that Norrington's crack London Classical Players were venturing onto, but the terra incognita of Hector Berlioz, the virtuoso French composer who in the 1830s revolutionized symphonic sound in such works as the hallucinogenic *Symphonie Fantastique* and the blazing choral symphony *Roméo et Juliette*. "Our goal is to present a view of Berlioz very different from modern received opinion," Norrington told the audience before the performance. "We're not like a symphony orchestra playing notes. We only play poetry here."

The weekend series of concerts on the south bank of the Thames was billed as the "Berlioz Experience." A Californian in nomenclature but quintessentially British in structure, the intensive three-day festival of concerts and lectures featured readings of the *Fantastique* and *Roméo* on original instruments. Moreover, it was the first time in more than a century that this music has been given voice in the same distinctive timbres that Berlioz was hearing in his head when he wrote it.

In Norrington's vigorous hands, the

result was a revelation. The *Fantastique*, premiered in 1830, just three years after the death of Beethoven, is an opium-tinted odyssey through the composer's psyche as he pursued his mad passion for the Irish actress Harriet Smithson. Its restless opening, brilliant ballroom scene, desolate pastorate, terrifying march to the scaffold and cackling witches' sabbath bloomed anew, while the 1839 *Roméo et Juliette*, Shakespeare transformed into



Squawk, bark, bite: Norrington, above, with horn and cor anglais

sound, burst with hot-blooded vitality.

When the music is played by a homogenized modern orchestra, its raw power is sanded away along with its rough edges. Hearing it is like watching a colorized film: the superficial enhancement is more than offset by the loss of nuance and detail. But on early instruments, the flutes purr, the oboes squawk, the brass barks, and the strings alternately cajole and bite. "This is not a purred, strained cup of tea that you might drink in the back of a limousine," says Norrington. "This is a bracing beverage quaffed in a well-sprung vehicle."

Myriad details emerge: the skittering piccolo, singing out over the thundering trombones at the end of the *Fantastique* finale; the raw, plaintive solo of the cor anglais in the slow movement, forlornly wailing in response to the ominous, muf-

fled strokes of the timpani; the four harps forming a powerful voice in the whirling waltz. Berlioz—and such contemporaries as Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn and even early Wagner—can, and should, never be heard the same way again.

The foray into Berlioz marks a bold step for Norrington, who began his musical career as a tenor, founded the amateur Heinrich Schütz Choir in 1962 and was music director of the Kent Opera for more than 15 years. But it was not until he conceived his "Experiences" three years ago (first Haydn, then Beethoven) that the Oxford-born, Cambridge-educated musician achieved his current eminence. Norrington's contribution to the original-in-

struments movement is to push its boundaries forward from the Baroque and Classical periods into the mid-19th century. "Modern orchestras sometimes don't play Beethoven very well," he observes, "but they generally play Berlioz very well indeed. So it was a real risk for us."

Performing on a mix of originals and reproductions, Norrington's 80-player ensemble is made up of London free-lancers, many of whom also play in similar bands like the Academy of Ancient Music and the English Concert. In rehearsal, he leads his players with forceful gestures, cries of encouragement and vivid, running pictorial images that mirror the music's story. "It was only a passing shower," he tells the strings in the *Fantastique*'s adagio. "Now you might live again... supposing she is with somebody else... you're exhausted... what the drums define the silence."

Norrington is just as effective with the public, addressing the festival audience with the easy urbanity of a HKE talk-show host. At an open rehearsal, he gave the downbeat for the combative fugue that opens *Roméo*, then stopped after a few minutes to quip: "It's like riding the footplate of a steam locomotive."

His newfound status has widened his scope. This year Norrington will lead the Boston Symphony at Tanglewood and conduct the *Messiah* in San Francisco; his North American dates are booked through 1990. Next year's "Experience" subject is still under discussion, but Schumann is a likely candidate. It is an apt choice: conventional wisdom says that Schumann was an inept orchestrator whose four symphonies are flawed by treacherously instrumental writing. For Norrington, though, such wisdom is both hidebound and earthbound. "Take nothing for granted," he says. "That's my motto to over the door." Perhaps Schumann too can soar.

—By Michael Walsh

Books

Three Cheers for Diversity

INFINITE IN ALL DIRECTIONS by Freeman J. Dyson
Harper & Row; 321 pages; \$19.95

To most laymen, the explosions of scientific knowledge in the 20th century have been chiefly felt as ominous aftershocks. The splitting of the atom, after all, led to nuclear bombs. The breaking of the genetic code of the DNA molecule raises nightmares about malevolent new designer viruses escaping from laboratories and running wild. And the Big Bang theory of the universe's origin suggests two possible conclusions, both of them unpleasant: infinite expansion, with a concurrent dispersal of heat and an annihilating deep freeze; or eventual contraction and a horrendous Big Crunch.

Between this rock and a hard place, British-born Physicist Freeman Dyson makes a spirited stand for optimism. Will our species end in fire or ice? Fire, the author concedes, would pose a difficult problem, but man might be able to overcome it: "It is easier to keep warm on Pluto than to keep cool on Venus." Will we blow ourselves up? Probably not: "We shall abolish nuclear weapons, not by a sudden outburst of peace and goodwill but by a slow process of erosion. The weapons will be abolished as the missions for which they were designed come to seem unnecessary or absurd." And what of tinkering around with life in test tubes? Dyson issues a warning: "Genetic engineering must stop short of monkeying around irresponsibly with the species *Homo sapiens*." Beyond that restriction, beneficent marvels proliferate: "There are no laws of physics and chemistry which say that potatoes cannot grow on trees or that diamonds cannot grow in a desert."

Dyson's good cheer seems rigorously earned. For 35 years he has been a professor at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N.J., where his colleagues have included the likes of Albert Einstein, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Kurt Gödel and John von Neumann. Dyson has had an intimate look at upheavals of contemporary science ranging from advances in particle physics and molecular biology to space travel and artificial intelligence. His long career in the ivory tower has not made him a reflexive defender of his elite brotherhood. "I detest and abhor," he writes, "the academic snobbery which places pure scientists on a higher cultural level than inventors." Nor has he been content to

converse solely with fellow specialists. *Disturbing the Universe* (1979), his autobiography, and *Weapons and Hope* (1984), a meditation on the threat of atomic warfare, both reached for and found a wide general audience.

So should *Infinite in All Directions*, even though it is a revised version of a series of academic talks delivered at the Uni-

versity of Aberdeen in 1985 and hence an unlikely candidate for popular appeal. But Dyson is not the first person to turn a Gifford lectureship in Scotland into a book; other products of this prestigious assignment include William James' *The Varieties of Religious Experience* and Alfred North Whitehead's *Process and Reality*. Anyone would be daunted by such illustrious predecessors, including Dyson: "Confronted with the fact that I was not William James or Alfred Whitehead, I decided to make a virtue of necessity. I talked about things which interested me."

Fortunately, just about everything interests Dyson: the origins of life, the prospects of immortality, the frontiers of space, the monarch butterfly. Unifying these and a dazzling array of other subjects is Dyson's belief in what he calls the "principle of maximum diversity," which "operates both at the physical and at the mental level. It says that the laws of nature and the initial conditions are such as to make the universe as interesting as possible." Given this predilection, Dyson prefers facts over theories, pieces that do not fit any known design over solutions to puzzles. He pays full tribute to the great unifiers among scientists (Newton and Einstein in physics, Darwin in biology), but his heart is with the diversifiers, those who enjoy unearthing mysteries and contradictions: "If it should turn out that the whole of physical reality can be described by a finite set of equations, I would be disappointed."

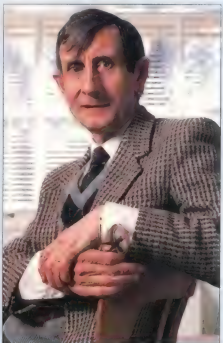
In his more down-to-earth activities, Dyson has served on a number of advisory panels and sees a problem: "We have been suffering from a surfeit of committees. Committees do harm merely by existing." He can explain as an interested and sometimes invited witness why technologies like nuclear power stations and the NASA space shuttle plod into disasters. Planners always assume that increased size means better results. Nonsense, says Dyson: "The important changes are qualitative, not bigger and better rockets but new styles of architecture, new rules by which the game of exploration is played."

The scattershot nature of *Infinite in All Directions* ultimately comes to seem its greatest virtue. To observe a mind uncommonly endowed with dexterity and knowledge hop from subject to subject is exhilarating. Dyson inspires the same awe he reports at watching a butterfly emerge from its chrysalis and fly away, "a symbol of evanescent beauty and a living proof that nature's imagination is richer than our own."

—By Paul Gray

Excerpt

“ Our curiosity will drive us . . . It is our nature to strive to explore everything, alive and dead, present and past and future. When once the technology exists to read and write memories from one mind into another, the age of mental exploration will begin in earnest. Instead of admiring the beauties of nature from the outside, we will look at nature directly through the eyes of the elephant, the eagle and the whale. We will be able, through the magic of science, to feel in our own minds the pride of the peacock and the wrath of the lion. ”



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Books

Ashes of Envy

A FRIEND FROM ENGLAND
by Anita Brookner
Pantheon; 205 pages; \$15.95

Rachel Kennedy, 32, is a working partner in a London bookshop. She lives alone in a snug flat over the store. She is astute, self-sufficient and discreet. Occasionally, when the mood is on her, Rachel goes cruising, though she puts the matter even less romantically: "I go out, seek companions, bear them home... No bourgeois sentiments for me, no noble passions." Elsewhere, Anita Brookner's questionable heroine pitches her case more strongly: "I had resolved at a very early stage never to be reduced to any form of emotional beggary, never to plead, never to impose guilt, and never to consider the world well lost for love. I think of myself as a plain dealer and I am rather proud of the honesty of my transactions."

Readers are not to be blamed if they keep an eye on the silverware. People who boast of their integrity bear close watching; they may not be outright thieves, but it is a good bet that their righteousness masks a shifty character. So *A Friend from England* is an ironic title, unless Brookner is deluding herself—and there is no such chance of that.

The author is an expert on the painting of the 18th and 19th centuries and a teacher at London's Courtauld Institute of Art. Her six previous novels include *Hotel du Lac*, the 1984 winner of Britain's top fiction award, the Booker Prize. Yet despite her finished style and genteel settings, she is as hard-boiled as any writer of detective fiction. Many of Brookner's principals are updatings of that familiar character, the English spinster as connoisseur of other people's behavior. Rachel is not only unattached but detached, a state that suits her analytical intelligence and chilly rectitude.

This is apparent in her association with the Livingstones, Oscar, Dorrie and their 27-year-old daughter Heather. Oscar is an accountant who, as Rachel puts it, was "inherited" from her father. This air of Oscar as family retainer does not last long. He wins millions in the national football pool, retires and asks Rachel if she would be good enough to guide their placid daughter in the ways of modern womanhood. The shift in social distinction is subtle but apparent: Rachel may be hard-nosed and independent, but whether or not she notices, she has been cast as the governess.

The Livingstones slip into affluence gracefully; they are pleasant, generous with their friendship but dull. Rachel is a frequent recipient of their hospitality, even though they represent the bourgeois sentiments she mocks. Bringing up Heather proves to be exasperating; she

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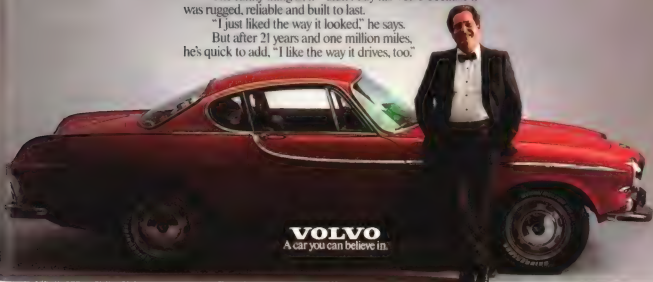
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Books

combines naiveté with a calm disposition that approaches smugness. "One thought of her not exactly as a woman," says Rachel, "but as some sort of animal known for its unassuming qualities, a heifer, perhaps." And, she adds, "heifers are also traditionally associated with sacrifice."

The ritual is performed at the wedding altar when Heather marries a man who turns out to be a homosexual. Rachel notices him wearing lipstick and eyeshadow in a local wine bar, and the reader is left to wonder how bovine the bride must be to have been led into this situation. The union lasts longer than one might expect, though once free, Heather heads off to Venice, where she promptly becomes a novelistic cliché: the Englishwoman who falls in love with an Italian.

At the Livingstones' request, Rachel



Brookner: illusions and deceptions

nips off to advise her unofficial charge about the probable consequences of her Latin romance. The confrontation has the surprise effect of changing the polarity of Brookner's personality study. In an uncharacteristic show of spirit, Heather basically tells her friend from England to bugger off. Rachel's response is a revealing mixture of feminist hellfire and the ashes of envy. She uses her own disappointments with love and money as valuable object lessons at the same time that she accuses Heather of having it too easy: "Women don't sit at home any more, you know, dreaming of Prince Charming. They don't do it because they've found out that he doesn't exist. As you should have found out. I live in the real world, the world of deceptions. You live in the world of illusions."

Heather, needless to say, goes off to the arms of her handsome illusion. Rachel retreats to her solitary world, where she will undoubtedly continue to practice self-deception about what is real. And Author Brookner? She can take a small bow for her own skillfully executed illusion.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

Reverse Lear

HOT MONEY

by Dick Francis

Putnam; 324 pages; \$17.95

Psychology is kept decently out of sight in most of the 25 horse thriller listed on the op-title page of Dick Francis' new entertainment. It is what goes on—wheels turning in the murky unconscious, and all that—when one of his characters, caught in some awkwardness, says "er..." That unmistakable Francis "er..." has got author and readers past many a potentially mushy spot and on to the good part, where the hero is gonked by hired gorillas or injected with horse tranquilizer, and then wakes up, aware that something is wrong, inside a locked steamer trunk.

The author's formula has become too predictable, however, and *Hot Money* is especially welcome because it offers a variation. No steamer trunks this trip, though as usual there are a few "ers" in the mixture, for flavor. Only the locked room of the mind (and the odd explosion) vex the hero, an amateur steeplechase rider named Ian Pembroke, as he puzzles out who is trying to murder his rich and autocratic father.

There is no lack of candidates. Malcolm Pembroke, a hugely successful gold speculator, has shed several repellent wives. Recently someone knocked off his loathsome fifth, presumably to keep her from inheriting the family bundle. There are nine children, including Ian, and assorted spouses and their children. All are neurotic, vengeful and desperate for money, because Malcolm refuses to sweeten their small trust funds. The author's scheme neatly turns the *King Lear* plot inside out, observing the wreckage strewn about the heath when an aging tyrant fails to hand over power and wealth to his children.

Ah, but who is playing Goneril and Regan, and who Cordelia? Could this be one of those *Orient Express* situations in which everyone is the murderer? Everyone has a motive; no question about that. Malcolm goads his whining brood without mercy, taking care to be seen splashing money and champagne in all directions but theirs as he buys racehorses and lolls about the world like a pasha.

Then his house blows up, and he is made to realize that his goading has succeeded. Somebody wants him dead, and may well get his wish. Or hers. Now what? He goes on the run, of course, but flamboyant Malcolm has no talent for keeping his head down. Author Francis is sometimes faulted for wooden characterizations, but here he is believable and chilling as he takes on the pathology of a large, mutually destructive family. The whodunit puzzle at the book's core is unusually good, and its solution, like those the late Ross Macdonald used to devise, takes into account wounds dealt out and suffered decades before.

—By John Skow

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Cinema

From Failure to Cult Classic

A daft, dark masterpiece emerges after 25 years in the vaults

A pair of paranoid fantasies:
1) America's most rabid right-wing Senator is a paid Soviet agent whose stepson has been programmed by Moscow and Peking to assassinate this year's presidential candidate and thus sweep the Senator into the White House "with powers that will make martial law seem like anarchy."

2) The most improbable plot threads from Hollywood's blackest era unravel in real life: déjà vu of McCarthyism, prophecy of the Kennedy assassination. The film's star, a Kennedy pal, withdraws this daft, dark masterpiece from theatrical circulation, then keeps it hidden for a quarter-century.



Manchu mind control: Sinatra, left, and Harvey

Brainwashing, assassination and 57 varieties of black humor.

You need not wholly believe either of these scenarios to accept both as rousing good stories. The first one made a nifty movie: *The Manchurian Candidate*. The second is the film's own tangled history: the Case of the Vanishing Thriller.

In the beginning, Arthur Krim, the United Artists studio boss who was also national finance chairman of the Democratic Party, was skeptical about this volatile blend of satire and surrealism—until Frank Sinatra, the film's star, persuaded President John F. Kennedy to give his blessing to the project. *Candidate* opened in the fall of 1962, to mixed reviews and soft box office. "We had both sides of the political spectrum mad at us," says George Axelrod, who fashioned a terrific screenplay from Richard Condon's scathing comic apocalypse of a novel. "In Paris Communists picketed outside a theater on the Champs Élysées at the same time that

Red-baiters were picketing in Orange County. Trouble was, all these people were outside the theater, not inside."

A year later Kennedy was dead, and the film was interred in Sinatra's vaults, where, except for 16-mm rentals and a few TV airings, it remained for 25 years. Alas for conspiracy buffs, the star's suppression of the film cannot be linked with Kennedy's assassination. It was all about money. In a dispute with U.A. over profit participation—there were suspicions, says Director John Frankenheimer, that the studio was cooking the books—Sinatra withheld rights to the movie. But it is of such snits that cult films are made. As Axelrod has said, "It went from failure to classic without ever passing through success." Now the filmmakers have their chance: The New York Film Festival coaxed *Candidate* from Sinatra last year, and the picture is doing robust business in six cities, as a

promo for its spring debut in video stores. See? Happy endings all around.

It couldn't happen to a weirder film. Just try to imagine a 1962 audience sitting down to this scene: a company of G.I.s sprawl half-dozing through a women's-club lecture in a New Jersey hotel. The camera pans 360° around the room and back to the soldiers and the speaker, who is now revealed as a Chinese specialist in mind control. He orders Sergeant Raymond Shaw (Laurence Harvey) to shoot one of his men, and the victim's brains splatter across a poster of Stalin. What's going on here? And what is one to make of the right-wing firebrand, inspired by a bottle of ketchup (57 varieties) to invent the number of Communists lurking in the State Department? Or of the liberal Senator who, when shot in his kitchen, bleeds the milk of human kindness? Or of Raymond's silky scheme of a mom (Angela Lansbury), who confides her plot to rule the world, then kisses her son full on the mouth?

No one should be confused by *The Manchurian Candidate* today. Axelrod's urbane cynicism plays like ace Wilde. Frankenheimer's aptly flashy technique is now a part of Hollywood's visual vocabulary. The performances are daring and assured, especially Lansbury's holy terror of Momism and Harvey's snide, pathetic pawn, brainwashed by both KGB and CIA. And the movie's theory of endemic political corruption, which read as seditious in 1962, now feels like the sweet breath of reason. Few movies attempt to anatomize a whole sick society, to dissect the mortal betrayals of country, friend, lover and family; fewer films achieve this goal with such energy and wit. Voters will make their own choices this year, but for moviegoers the election is over. This *Candidate* delivers. —By Richard Corliss

Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/Los Angeles

The Big Twist

D.O.A.

A man walks into a police station and says he wants to report a murder. Whose? the desk sergeant asks. Mine, the chap replies.

Possibly there are some movie cultists who still have glowing memories of the original 1949 version of *D.O.A.*, but even they may find this remake engaging. Screenwriter Charles Edward Pogue, who recently

updated *The Fly*, has a gift for polishing up pop cultural artifacts so that they shine like new. And Directors Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel, up from rock videos and *Max Headroom*, have found their own effective approximation of the beloved film noir style.

The hero, here renamed Dexter Cornell (Dennis Quaid, charming even unto death), is determined not to go gentle into that good night. He will devote his final hours to finding out who slipped him slow-acting but irreversible poison. But Cor-



Quaid flattened in D.O.A.

nell is no longer an accountant. He is a blocked novelist, cynically teaching college lit. The new twist is that Cornell's death, not to mention several others, is motivated not by the usual lusts (money, sex, power) but by dark literary passions. How far we have come from 1949, when it was a boring old iridium shipment that set everyone's wheels spinning. How acute of *D.O.A.*'s creators to realize that in today's culturally aspiring America there probably are people who would kill to write a few immortal sentences. —By Richard Schickel

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

Essay
Roger Rosenblatt

Is Israel Below Criticism?

One of the few salutary side effects of the killings and beatings in Gaza and the West Bank has been the emerging willingness of thoughtful American Jews and non-Jews to criticize Israeli policies. Maybe it had to take events of such high repugnance to get the words in the air. Always a tricky business. How to criticize Israel? Meaning: How to cast a cool eye on America's one kindred ally in the Middle East without seeming to turn one's back on that ally, or to jeopardize its survival, or to arouse or pander to the anti-Semitic impulses of those who would dearly love to see criticism of the Jewish state confused with a baiting of the Jews?

Sensing this reluctance, Israeli officials have plucked at our skittishness like harpists. Foxy strategy. Who can blame them? But what has our caution presumed? That Israel would be offended. Sure enough, some Israelis now are much offended. Countries do not take kindly to criticism, from allies especially. They tend to mount unified defensive fronts, even when, as is the case here, millions of Israelis feel the same anguish and displeasure.

And then our former skittishness has presumed that latent in America's cheerful pluralistic soul lies a hot well of anti-Semitic bile, waiting to shoot into a geyser. There's no sure way of telling. In social terms, the eruption of that sort of hatred could be ugly, violent, divisive. In practical terms, blatant anti-Semitism could result in a withdrawal of American tax dollars, leaving the nation that made a garden from a desert as vulnerable to its enemies as a flipped turtle.

All these dangers exist; and until recent weeks the ensuing unspoken policy has been for Americans to keep as stony-faced as palace guards whenever Israel does something that we do not like. Either that, or to blurt out some whiny silliness as Woody Allen did on the *New York Times* op-ed page in January, detailing a comedian's personal distress over a complicated international tragedy. Allen's plaint encouraged equally irrelevant counteraccusations of Jewish self-hate but this time did not reinstate the old cautionary mode. Unswerving pro-Israel publications such as the *New Republic*, several Jewish organizations, 30 U.S. Senators sympathetic to Israel and last week President Reagan have expressed their impatience with Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's hardheadedness. People seem to be catching on that to dance on eggshells about Israel is not only weirdly awkward, it opposes all that one understands both Jewishness and Americanness to be.

If it is true that anti-Semitism bubbles deep in America, it is also true that no place on earth is better suited to Jewish values and predispositions. Folklore has it that New England parsimony means thrift, whereas Jewish parsimony means miserliness, but the qualities are exactly the same. A dogged middle-classness; a passion for education; a faith in individual enterprise; a near hysterical sense of family; a driving impulse toward nationalism and security; a belief in individual rights and expression, in reason, in the rule of moral law; a lust for self-celebration; a boisterous embracing

of life, underlain by a fearful morbidity; a sentimentality grounded in iron. Of such things is America made, and so are Jews. Above all, Jewish and American tradition delight in looking at oneself critically. If there are any tribes in history more mired in self-study, my heart goes out to them.

Our wariness in dealing with Israel has thus contradicted our normal noisy, scrutinizing attitudes. Constraint has prevailed, as a sign not of manners but of dishonesty. Most of America has a strong familial affection for Israel (inasmuch as any country has affection for another) as a people, a democracy or both. We have finally started acting as if we do. The advantages are already evident.

First, responsible criticism knocks the wind out of irresponsible criticism, especially those who liken Israeli soldiers shooting back at rock-throwing Palestinians to Nazis in extermination camps. Martin Peretz, editor in chief of the *New Republic*, suggests that those who wield corrupt analogies of Jews to Nazis seek to expel the Holocaust from memory by diminishing its significance. That alone would justify our straight talk.

Second, America has more than self-respect to lose by refusing to talk turkey with its friend. It also could lose its friend, since the uncompromising right wing in Israel is only emboldened by America's failure to speak its mind. Eventually America, Jewish and Gentile, would not stand for destructive adamancy. If we failed to say so now, when there is still a chance to use criticism for positive results, we would surely say so later in a furious about-face that would appear sudden when it happened but that in fact would have been born in a dead-ly nervous silence.

Third, talking straight says that a special relationship is not a pretext for condescension. Israel is a powerful, sophisticated state. Why should it not be accorded the respect due any friendly nation that one felt was going blind to its own best interests? Is Israel below criticism?

Fourth, open talk begins to break the ice between Jewish and non-Jewish Americans, thus displaying exactly how much or how little anti-Semitism is being concealed. Anti-Semites and Jews alike may be shocked to discover that for most Americans, being opposed to one or another aspect of Israel's behavior is just that and no more, having nothing to do with deep- or shallow-seated anti-Jewish feelings.

America does not always have such a hot record when it comes to dealing with foreign governments of which, on moral grounds, it should loudly disapprove. The rationale is familiar: at least they're *our* sons of bitches. Israel has never been in that category. It is a nation that America should and does applaud, making any moments of dissatisfaction exceptions that prove the rule. Half a world away lives a remarkable civilization born of a moral issue, suffused with moral questions, most of whose people know perfectly well when their government is right and when it is wrong. The present government in Israel has been wrong. America is telling it so, and the truth may set both free.





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**With middle and rear seats removed.

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Model	Camry LE Wagon	Corolla Deluxe Wagon	Wonderwagon
Engine	4-cyl. twin cam 16-valve EFI	4-cyl. twin cam 16-valve	4-cyl. EFI
Horsepower	115	90	101
Est. MPG (city/hwy)	25/30*	30/35*	22/23*
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